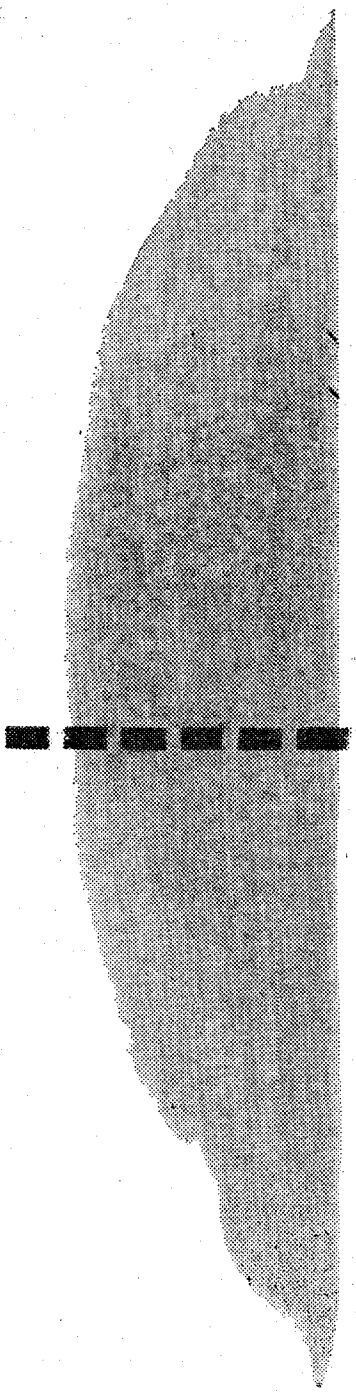
THE
NATION

APRIL 19, 1958 . . 25c



GOVERNMENT'S BIG EARS

. . Charles P. Curtis

THE BUSINESS OF BASEBALL

. . James T. Farrell

WILL THERE BE AN AUTO STRIKE?

. . B. J. Widick

The Charles C. Sherrod Library
EAST TENNESSEE STATE COLLEGE
JOHNSON CITY, TENNESSEE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS

Steve Allen and Emmy

Dear Sirs: Congratulations to Miss Langman for her comments on the Emmy awards in your April 12 issue.

Two years ago I presented myself with *The Award Award*, an award earned by winning the most TV awards. The situation has now arrived, in the opinion of many, at the point of the ridiculous. Unfortunately, there is little in man's history to indicate that he will stop doing something just because it is ridiculous.

STEVE ALLEN

New York City

Labor's Albatross

Dear Sirs: The problem presented in Meetings Without Members (by Glenn W. Miller, *The Nation* of March 29) is indeed a problem—and one without end. But it wasn't always so. Having carried a union card now for nearly forty-one years, I am somewhat acquainted with the factors involved.

As of the last ten years, I would say that there has been little need for union-meeting attendance. Work has been plentiful, conditions and wages have been good, and have been guaranteed by long-term contracts. So why attend meetings?

The result is sad. The rank-and-file has lost its standing at meetings. Today's meetings are brief and quiet, conducted in an atmosphere of conformity. Members are expected to support whatever is sponsored, and not to question procedure. If the rank-and-filer has anything to say, he will be given the floor; but unless he speaks in support of the sponsored proposition, he will meet with apathy—or hostility. He will find out that he doesn't seem to "belong," and that his presence is not really wanted, but merely tolerated. Thus conformity has become the Albatross of Labor.

The causes? I believe the decadence of Labor had its origin in 1918 with the arrest, trial, conviction and imprisonment of Eugene V. Debs. From that time on, Labor became scared and turned conservative. It reached a low point at the Portland, Oregon, convention of the A. F. of L. in 1923, when Gompers, then president, expelled the left-wing faction (Bill Dunn and the Silver Bow Delegation) of the convention, and chastised the progressives (Jimmy Duncan and the Seattle Labor Council) with the order: Conform to our standards, or I will lift your charter. Since then, Labor has been a ghost, a body without wings.

My solution: Restore the wings—the right wing as well as the left wing—to the body of labor. Then we will have interesting meetings again, and the members will return in droves.

FRED HARRIS

Millbrae, Calif.

Time Curves

Dear Sirs: *Nation* readers appreciated your message of congratulations to *Time* (Bully for *Time*, March 8), even though Luce reading habits may have prevented slick-paper savants from detecting the foul of irrationality committed during the dazzling broken-field run, where positions were reversed with deft maneuvering and the characteristic cute cadences of the *Time* machine's sophisticated cynicism. Your cry of "Foul!" will be applauded where it is heard. But isn't *Time* too big to be held accountable? Perhaps its only accounting is financial?

CLIFFORD P. WOLFSEHR

Ellensburg, Washington

Italy's Universities

Dear Sirs: William Weaver writes (*The Nation*, March 15) of the crisis gnawing at the vitals of Italian education. His excellent report deserves emphasis at certain points. The miserable salaries paid to top university professors in Italy—$150 to $200 monthly—encourage and perpetuate the vicious custom of their maintaining outside employment. That is, most law professors conduct active private practice, members of the medical faculties practice medicine and surgery—often with prosperous clinics of their own—and the trusts widely employ engineering and economics professors at fancy salaries.

This, as Mr. Weaver points out, robs the oncoming generation of training by the top intellectuals of the country, leaving day-to-day instruction in the hands of the overharassed, underpaid assistants. A further deplorable result is that Italian universities have no corporate life, no intellectual community.

While heroic efforts are being made to combat widespread illiteracy in Southern Italy, Sicily and Sardinia, the general level of higher education in Italy sinks to depths which would shame even the Fascist regime. Indeed, a university survey made last autumn revealed the perilous fact that Italy today is spending far less on scientific research and training than in the pre-war days, when Enrico Fermi was driven to seek refuge in our country.

Now the United States must be aware of its own responsibility for the poor preparation a key ally is getting to survive the fierce competition. For Italy's educational plight is in large part due to the crushing burdens of the military budget imposed on her by her NATO commitments. In part, it is also due to the betrayal of the social aspirations of the Italian people by the present Christian Democratic Government.

JOHN CRANE

New York City

In This Issue

EDITORIALS

333 ●

ARTICLES

336 ● Government's Big Ears
by CHARLES P. CURTIS

338 ● Soviet Farmers Calling Iowa
by CHARLES F. RANSOM

340 ● The Business of Baseball
by JAMES T. FARRELL

343 ● Will There Be an Auto Strike?
by B. J. WIDICK

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

346 ● The Roles of Childhood
by PAUL BLACKBURN

347 ● In Defense of T. R.
by HARRY BARNARD

348 ● French Curiosity
by MINA CURTISS

349 ● Theatre
by HAROLD CLURMAN

349 ● Records
by LESTER TRIMBLE

350 ● Art
by MAURICE GROSSER

351 ● What Happened the Day a Poet Was Appointed Postmaster (poem)
by LAWRENCE FERLINGHETTI

352 ● Films
by ROBERT HATCH

352 ● Summer Song (poem)
by W. S. MERWIN

Crossword Puzzle (opp. 352)
by FRANK W. LEWIS

George G. Kirstein, Publisher
Carey McWilliams, Editor
Victor H. Bernstein, Managing Editor
Robert Hatch, Books and the Arts

Harold Clurman, Theatre
M. L. Rosenthal, Poetry
Mary Simon, Advertising Manager

Staff Contributors: W. Macmahon Ball, Carolus, Maxwell Geismar, Harvey O'Connor, Andrew Roth, Howard K. Smith, Dan Wakefield, Alexander Werth, H. H. Wilson.

The Nation, Apr. 19, 1958. Vol. 186, No. 16

The Nation, published weekly (except for omission of four summer issues) by The Nation Company and copyright 1957, in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, N. Y. Second class mail privileges authorized at New York, N. Y.

Subscription Prices Domestic—One year $8, Two years $14, Three years $20. Additional postage per year, Foreign and Canadian $1.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 19, 1958
VOLUME 186, NUMBER 16

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

Back Door to the Summit

Mr. Dulles must be aware of the generally unfavorable drift of events, but he may not appreciate its full magnitude and momentum. He may be hoping for a turn which will bring back the happy days of our atomic monopoly and our delusions of unchallenged technological supremacy. Yet a bit of diplomatic imagination would show him a way out of the impasse and, if he himself cannot see it, the President (assuming he is not equally astigmatic) might venture to call it to his attention.

By all appearances, the Secretary and General Eisenhower will be forced to a summit conference: it can be postponed but not averted. They should be looking for a means, then, of going to the meeting with more to bargain with than Mr. Dulles' shirt. The Chinese and North Korean Reds have proposed that the Chinese forces and those of the West be withdrawn from Korea. This affords an opening for some trading in place of frozen diplomacy which, if successful, could react favorably on the situation in Europe.

Asia is the preferable theatre for preliminary negotiations because actually Mr. Dulles has nothing there which Mr. Khrushchev wants (except, of course, Mr. Dulles' head), while Mr. Dulles has at least two things Chou En-lai wants: entrance to the United Nations and, afar off, Taiwan. Even U.N. membership is, of course, no immediate prospect; nevertheless, merely by talking Mr. Dulles could put Mr. Chou on probation, so to speak, and probably displease Mr. Khrushchev, who is not unaware of a potential rival for leadership of the Communist bloc. At the same time the neutrals will be impressed by our willingness to exchange views.

There is no possible objection to this maneuver except that it may arouse the wrath of Senator Knowland and other old China hands, but sooner or later this must be braved in any case. Many South Koreans are in favor of bilateral troop withdrawal. Mr. Yongjeung Kim, president of the Korean Affairs Institute, agrees that "troop withdrawal ought to be looked at on its own merits and not discarded ritualistically just because the Communists have proposed it." He points out that unless we test the intentions of the Communists, the "Asian nations will suspect the American Government of wishing to maintain the division of Korea." Conversely: "The freeing of Korea by the efforts of American leadership would be a tremendous victory for the United States and the United Nations and a significant breakthrough in the cold war." Not only the cold war in Asia, but elsewhere as well.

The sixteen U.N. members who fought in Korea replied receptively to the Chinese-North Korean proposal through a British note of April 9. It would be desirable for the State Department to supplement the U.N. communications with others which might be carried through direct diplomatic channels, like the conversations in Geneva between American and Chinese emissaries on repatriation of prisoners. The important step is to take matters at least partly out of the hands of hack diplomats like Henry Cabot Lodge and Walter S. Robertson, and here Mr. Dulles has much to gain and little to lose.

The Augean Stables

The President has cast himself in the role of Hercules to clean up the mountainous mess in the Pentagon. His mien at the April 9 press conference left no doubt that, in this instance, he has cast off his usual irresolution. When a President decides to go to the country on an issue on which he speaks with seeming authority, it is hard to stop him. The chances are that General Eisenhower will get more of what he is asking—and his asking price is high—than would have seemed possible even a week ago. But the ultimate benefits of Pentagon reorganization ("unification" is a will-o-the-wisp) will be much less than those the President and the taxpayers hope for.

The basic reason for the splitting headaches of military administration is that the overall mission of the services has become impossible. The layers of assistant

APR 1 6 '58

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

secretaries, the dualities of the Joint Chiefs, the vast numbers of admirals and generals stationed in Washington, the press-agentry and lobbying of Army, Navy and Air Force alike, are symptomatic of a deep pathology. Men are trying, some honestly and some with a single eye to personal advancement, to squeeze national security out of a technological complex which, the more it is developed, only brings forth more insecurity for the United States as well as all other nations. Organizational reforms cannot change this.

Then there is the handicap of sheer size. Former Secretary for Air Thomas K. Finletter points out that the Air Force alone is the world's biggest business, with larger assets than General Motors, American Telephone and Telegraph, Standard Oil, General Electric and U.S. Steel combined. When one considers that these now dwarfed corporations are individually so large that serious doubts have been cast—by insiders—on their ability to function with reasonable efficiency, what can one expect of the Department of Defense which, with property valued at $140 billion, has no idea of the kind of war it should be prepared to fight and whose planning must be done on the basis of a congeries of shifting and only half-correlated technologies? The best we can expect, surely, is a bearable level of inefficiency, internal conflict and frustration, which reorganization can ameliorate only slightly.

Another fact which is sedulously kept from public view is that the emphasis in reorganization should not be exclusively on the services, but should take in the corporations which supply them. Procurement is a perpetual WPA for business which, when surplus capacity and chronic paucity in mass spending power force cutbacks in investment, can still keep profits at a respectable level. As the struggle for publicity, power and votes among members of Congress is interlocked with the struggle for appropriations among the services, so the struggle for profit among the suppliers is interlocked with the rivalries and duplications of the services. Service reorganization cannot be considered in an economic vacuum.

The President's show of determination is in itself heartening, and one may hope it is not ephemeral nor limited to this particular set of issues. *The Nation* will follow his moves with interest and comment on specific aspects of the many-sided struggle as it develops. But at the outset it will be well to bear in mind Dr. Johnson's injunction to the effect that many things which excite us now fade into insignificance in a twelvemonth.

They Feel It in Their Bones

In protest against further American nuclear-weapon tests, four men are crossing the Pacific in a thirty-foot ketch, bound for the Eniwetok testing grounds. Last week hundreds of Americans converged on U.N. headquarters in New York City for the same purpose; some had walked from Philadelphia (ninety miles), others from New Haven (eighty miles), still others from neighboring Westbury (twenty-five miles). At the same time, on the other side of the Atlantic, more than a thousand Britishers started a fifty-mile protest march from Trafalgar Square in London to Britain's Atomic Weapons Research Establishment at Aldermaston. Since when has a political issue provoked so much motion, as well as emotion, in mankind? The overland demonstrations were described by newsmen as "serious," "orderly," "impressive." The marchers eschewed the martial spirit; they didn't march, they walked, each to his own beat. On both sides of the Atlantic, hecklers beset them, and in each case the hecklers were politely invited to come out from the side lines and present their arguments in formal address. Evidently these demonstrators are no more ready to forswear democracy in their search for survival than they are to forswear survival in search of democracy.

The four men crossing the Pacific are pacifists in search of trouble. They are bound for waters which the United States has declared "closed" for bomb-testing purposes. The skipper of the *Golden Rule*, as the ketch is called, is Albert Smith Bigelow, a Connecticut architect. He was arrested last year for attempting to "invade" testing grounds in Nevada. Last December he tried vainly to present the White House with a petition, bearing 17,500 signatures, urging cancellation of the Pacific tests. "It seems terrible to me," he told newsmen before he sailed from the West Coast, "that Americans can no longer speak to or be seen by their government. The experience has strengthened in me the conviction that we must, at whatever cost, find ways to make our witness and our protest heard."

When issues strike deeply enough, people always find a way to make their witness heard. Those on the *Golden Rule*, and on the roads to the U.N. and to Aldermaston, have grasped the profound significance of the thermonuclear blast and the dreadful fall-out. They feel it already, so to speak, in their bones.

The "Non-Americans"

Federal statutes decree that a native-born American may have his citizenship taken from him if he votes in a foreign election, serves with foreign military forces or deserts the U.S. armed forces in wartime. Cases under each of these provisions came up recently before the Supreme Court. It is a measure of the complexity of the legal issues involved that the Justices wrote twelve separate opinions in connection with the decisions rendered in the three cases. The decisions themselves, it appears, set no firm precedent: one case was resolved (five to four) against the defendant and the other two in favor of the defendants (the votes were five to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

four and seven to two). What is disturbing is that on the constitutional question, six Justices (Frankfurter, Harlan, Burton, Clark, Brennan and Whittaker) took the position that Congress could use the device of expatriation to implement its broad powers in such areas as foreign policy and war. The minority view (Warren, Douglas and Black) was that the Constitution gives Congress no power to deprive a native-born American of citizenship.

The implications of the majority stand call for scrutiny. Congress has already sought to exercise the power of expatriation outside the fields of war and foreign policy; in 1954, it enacted a statute depriving of citizenship native-born Americans convicted of advocating the violent overthrow of the government. No case under this statute has yet been brought, but suppose it were? And suppose Congress chooses to extend expatriation to cover "heresies" in other directions? Citizenship, no longer a birthright secured by the Constitution, becomes a privilege subject to the whim of Congress. Here is another maneuver in the war of attrition against the Constitution which aroused Chief Justice Warren to vigorous dissent in the recent cases:

> The judiciary has the duty to implement the constitutional safeguards that protect individual rights. We have no choice but to enforce the paramount commands of the Constitution. We are sworn to do no less. We cannot push back the limits of the Constitution merely to accommodate challenged legislation.

In Wandering Mazes Lost

In his February letter to former Premier Bulganin, President Eisenhower cited as evidence of this country's peaceful intentions the fact that we refrained from attacking the Soviet Union when we had H-bombs and the Soviet Union had none. But according to the Soviet's leading nuclear physicist, Igor V. Kurchatov, the situation was precisely the opposite (see article by Harry Schwartz in *The New York Times* of April 5). The evidence is strong that the Russians had the H-bomb first, and if any forebearance was shown, it was they, not we, who showed it.

The world's first thermonuclear test explosion was set off by the United States in November, 1952, but the device used was not a "bomb" and was not transportable—except, perhaps, in a surface vessel. It used an isotope of hydrogen in liquid form. To keep the hydrogen liquid, large-scale refrigeration was required. The situation was much the same as with the liquid hydrogen fuels (lox) we are now using on most of our big missiles — fuels requiring complicated handling procedures and cumbersome equipment.

The United States exploded its first true H-bomb over Eniwetok in March, 1954. But the Russians had already exploded a hydrogen device in August, 1953, which bore all the marks of a true bomb. When the radioactive effects of the Soviet test were analyzed in the United States, it was found that the hydrogen in the Russian device was contained in lithium deuteride, a solid requiring no refrigeration. Consequently, the device was transportable by aircraft and eventually by missile. "It is known," Schwartz wrote in the *Times*, "that the analysis of the radioactive effects of the 1953 Soviet hydrogen explosion gave American officials a severe shock at that time and spurred research aimed at duplicating the Soviet technique."

For five years the proud, free, informed voting American had been led to believe that Russian nuclear progress was the result of the theft of American "secrets" by spies. Now, it appears, we didn't have the secret for the Russians to steal. And it also appears that the gigantic hoax left the President as thoroughly victimized as the man on the street.

What the Pound Case Means

A new phase has arrived in the career of Ezra Pound. One of the great poets of the age, this violent thinker who broadcast for Mussolini during the last war and whose anti-Semitism is one of the running sores of modern letters, may be about to go free. In a mental hospital in Washington, D. C., since 1945, he has been saved from trial for treason only by his paranoiac condition. Now a motion to free him has been filed in Federal District Court and, according to the United Press, there were indications that the Department of Justice will not seriously oppose the move.

We believe that Pound should be set free, unless his psychosis is so deep that continued commitment is advisable. We are opposed to capital punishment, and generally to life imprisonment as well. Confinement in St. Elizabeth's has not kept Pound from making desciples like John Kasper or lessened the subtler appeal of his reactionary attitudes for many intellectuals moved first of all by his verse, his passionate prose style, or the penetrating truths so often found side by side with the non sequiturs and foulnesses scattered through his writings. Moreover, the treason indictment was for specific wartime acts, not for his ideas or prejudices. Bloodier war criminals have been freed; we have had political ritual-killings enough for one generation.

It will be a triumph of democracy if we set Pound free, not because he is a martyr, but because a sick and vicious old man—even if he were not the brilliant poet he is, with a luminous side that all but transcends his faults—has his rights too. In Italy he may yet write a few more beautiful pieces, and in that cracked but crystal mirror of his hold up to us once more the image of a civilization that too often drives its best creators into self-exile and political horror.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOVERNMENT'S BIG EARS.. *by Charles P. Curtis*

THERE ARE some subjects on which the best advice a man can get is the free advice which he is offered by the United States Supreme Court. It is better, in my opinion, than you can get anywhere else, partly because the Supreme Court does not know—or at any rate denies—that it is giving us anything but strictly legal advice which, of course, is not the kind of advice I am referring to. But I like my morals as by-products of wisdom, and not wisdom as a by-product of morality.

So let us turn to what we find the Supreme Court and its Justices have had to say on the subject of wire tapping, bugging and eavesdropping; and the most hopeful place to look is often in dissenting opinions, for that is where the Justices are the most outspoken. On the subject in question, I pick the *Olmstead* case, which the Supreme Court decided in 1928. It has the distinction of having won a contest last year. Professor Edmond Cahn offered a prize in his course on Constitutional law in the School of Law of New York University to the student who picked "the worst decision of the Supreme Court that still remains substantially a part of our Constitutional law." Judith Younger won the prize with the *Olmstead* case, where the Court held, five to four, that evidence obtained by wire tapping was good and competent evidence in a criminal case on trial in a federal court. Wire tapping, the majority thought, was not forbidden by the Fourth Amendment, which forbids "unreasonable searches and seizures."

I FOUND the advice I want to offer in the dissenting opinions of Justices Butler, Brandeis, Holmes and Stone. Butler went simply and directly straight to the point. In his opinion, wire tapping "literally constituted a search for evidence" under the prohibition of the Fourth Amendment, and that was that.

Holmes found it almost equally simple, but on quite a different level. There was no need, Holmes thought, of calling in the Constitution. For this evidence had been obtained by a criminal act under state law. This was six years, let me say, before Congress, in Section 605 of the Federal Communications Act, made all wire tapping illegal. It was enough for Holmes that if the state code did "not permit district attorneys to have a hand in such dirty business, it does not permit the judge to allow such iniquities to succeed." "We have to choose," Holmes said, "and for my part I think it a lesser evil that some criminals should escape than that the government should play an ignoble part."

The other two dissenters, Brandeis and Stone, thought that wire tapping was bad enough to be unconstitutional.

BRANDEIS reached this conclusion somewhat reluctantly. He had at first—that is, in the first draft of his dissenting opinion and in his discussion of the case with his law clerk before the hearing—come to the same conclusion as Holmes. Paul Freund has given an acount of the course of Brandeis' thinking which will, I believe, illuminate our own thinking (*Mr. Justice*, edited by Dunham & Kurland):

> Even in the *Olmstead* case Brandeis did not come easily to the ultimate Constitutional problem. Prior to the oral argument in the case he and his law clerk labored for several weeks in drafting an opinion resting on the doctrine of unclean hands, thus avoiding the Fourth Amendment and placing the case squarely on the irregularity of the conduct under State law. The statutes of all the States bearing on wire tapping were duly collected and abstracted, and several drafts of an opinion went through the printer's hands. After the oral argument, when it appeared that the Court's interest centered on the Fourth Amendment, the draft opinion was thoroughly reorganized. The constitutional issue was given first place, developed with a wealth of learning from English constitutional history and from the evolution of the law toward the protection of intangible interests against subtler interferences than those with which the more primitive law was concerned. Even after the opinion was thus reorganized, Brandeis did not give up hope of resolving the problem on a less heroic plane. He extracted from the revised draft the portion resting on the doctrine of unclean hands, had copies of this portion made by the printer, and circulated it to his brethren with the urgent suggestion that the case be disposed of on this ground. It was only after he met with rebuff . . . that he pressed the constitutional dissent.

And how eloquently, in his dissenting opinion in *Olmstead*, Brandeis pressed it, once the issue was pressed on him!

> The makers of our Constitution undertook to secure conditions favorable to the pursuit of happiness. They recognized the significance of man's spiritual nature, of his feelings and of his intellect. They knew that only a part of the pain, pleasure and satisfactions of life are to be found in material things. They sought to protect Americans in their beliefs, their thoughts, their emotions and their sensations. They conferred, as against the Government, the right to be let alone — the most comprehensive of rights and the right most valued by civilized men. To protect that right, every unjustifiable intrusion by the Government upon the privacy of the individual, whatever the means employed, must be deemed a violation of the Fourth Amendment. And the use, as evidence in a criminal proceeding, of facts ascertained by such intrusion must be deemed a violation of the Fifth.

Holmes once wrote Laski how he had told Brandeis "that he really was an advocate rather than a Judge. He is affected by his interest in a cause, and if he feels it, he is not detached. . . . But his interests are noble, and as you say his insights profound."

LET US NOW strike a trial balance. Not of interests. We have got far beyond talking simply about "interests." What we have to do is to

---

CHARLES P. CURTIS, distinguished lawyer and writer, is the author of Lions Under the Throne, A Commonplace Book *and (with Ferris Greenslet)* The Practical Cogitator, *among other books.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

weigh *values* against *sacrifices*, as Learned Hand explained in his recent lectures at Harvard. There Hand said that the question whether a proposed change will be beneficial to the society on which it is imposed

> . . . presupposes a choice and all choices depend upon an appraisal of the values and sacrifices to which the contemplated action will give rise. Values and sacrifices are incommensurables, not being made up of elements common to each other, unless they are themselves composite—which only multiplies the difficulty. Each carries its own charge of satisfaction or dissatisfaction, which usually varies with its setting, so that the same object may give one degree of gratification or discontent at one time, and a different degree at another. We say that we weigh our joys and sorrows when we choose between them, but that is a metaphor expressing our sense of inner tension. The choice, at least in the universe of desire, is as immediate, absolute and underived as are its component values and sacrifices.

Take the *values* first. What do we gain by allowing wire tapping? To begin with, it makes the prevention and prosecution of crime easier; perhaps also more effective, but certainly easier. Frankfurter says that his experience in the United States Attorney's office in the Southern District of New York under Henry L. Stimson "planted in me a deep conviction that these short cuts in the detection and prosecution of crime are as self-defeating as they are immoral." And Frankfurter went on to quote a passage from Sir James Stephen which, once read, I find hard to forget. It appears in Stephen's *History of the Criminal Law of England*:

> During the discussions which took place on the Indian Code of Criminal Procedure in 1872, some observations were made on the reasons which occasionally lead native police officers to apply torture to prisoners. An experienced civil officer observed, "There is a great deal of laziness in it. It is far pleasanter to sit comfortably in the shade, rubbing red pepper into a poor devil's eyes, than to go about in the sun hunting up evidence." This was a new view to me, but I have no doubt of its truth.

Let us not forget that torture was

justified by our ancestors, and taken for granted by the Nazis, as a valid method of helping the police in the control of crime. There is a kinship between torture and wire tapping or bugging. Both purport to be short cuts. We who know more, and we who have more sense as well as more decency, than our ancestors and, for God's sake, more than the Nazis, now know enough to take the long way around. But there is much to be said for these modern methods of search and seizure, and they have been well defended, better perhaps than anywhere else by Justice Jackson in his opinion for the Supreme Court in the *On Lee* case in 1952:

> Society can ill afford to throw away the evidence produced by the falling out, jealousies, and quarrels of those who live by outwitting the law. Certainly no one would foreclose the turning of State's evidence by denizens of the underworld. No good reason of public policy occurs to us why the Government should be deprived of the benefit of On Lee's admissions because he made them to a confidante of shady character. . . . However unwilling we as individuals may be to approve conduct such as that of Chin Poy, such disapproval must not be thought to justify a social policy of the magnitude necessary to arbitrarily exclude otherwise relevant evidence. We think that the administration of justice is better served if stratagems such as we have here are regarded as raising not questions of law but issues of credibility. We cannot say that testimony such as this shall as a matter of law be refused all hearing.

Let us now put the *sacrifices* into our calculator, the price we pay — for it is a price payable in cash, and it is we who pay it — to make the prevention and prosecution of crime easier and possibly more effective. It seems to me that we have to make two sacrifices. One, of course, is at the expense of our satisfaction, and in the loss of our pride in the good behavior of our government. Take what Frankfurter said in his dissent in the *On Lee* case in reply to Jackson:

> Of course criminal prosecution is more than a game. But in any event it should not be deemed to be a dirty game in which "the dirty business" of criminals is outwitted by "the dirty business" of law officers. The contrast between morality professed by society and immorality practiced on its behalf makes for contempt of law. . . . My deepest feeling against giving legal sanction to such "dirty business" as the record in this case discloses is that it makes for lazy and not alert law enforcement. It puts a premium on force and fraud, not on imagination and enterprise and professional training.

I don't know how your scales are tipping now, with our pride in one pan and more police power in the other. But we are not yet done. Add now the sacrifice of our feelings of privacy. Here we are handling something that goes deeper than proprieties and satisfactions. For our privacy is one of the cohesive forces of society. It is a component of the cement which holds our community together. "Will, not force, is the basis of the State." Without personal privacy and security no one can have confidence in his fellows, and without that confidence we have a State of Force instead of a Community of Will. Privacy and solidarity are two sides of the same coin. You have no choice. You've got to take both. The private man must be permitted at least a little of what Emerson called "the infinitude of the private man." "In all my lectures," Emerson said, "I have taught one doctrine, the infinitude of the private man." The question is, whether we have learned it.

And now, finally, let us be practical. There are three ways of handling this problem.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The first way is to forbid the whole dirty business outright. I am not such an absolute knave as to wish this. After all, the Fourth Amendment forbids only "unreasonable searches and seizures," and I am not willing to assert that wire tapping is never justified. What do you say of wire tapping to catch a wire tapper? Or on spies, or on kidnappers?

The second way of dealing with the problem is to treat wire tapping and bugging for just what they really are, just what Justice Butler said they were, searches and seizures under the Fourth Amendment. The Supreme Court has never been quite willing to do this. The Court refused to do it in the *Olmstead* case, and again in the *On Lee* case; and only last December, in the *Benanti* case, the Court said that it did not reach the Constitutional question because it had Section 605 of the Federal Communications Act. Justice Douglas told the students of Franklin and Marshall College just about a year ago:

> To date the Court has been unwilling to bring wire tapping within the scope of the Fourth Amendment. . . . Yet the degree of invasion of privacy which wire tapping makes possible is greater than the ransacking of desks and of files which inflamed James Otis. With modern electronic devices, conversations within the home and the office can be recorded without tapping any wire. The intimacies of private life can be made public without a key being turned or a window being raised. And those who listen in may be private detectives and blackmailers as well as law enforcement officials.

The third way is to regulate wire tapping and bugging and all other forms of eavesdropping by statute. Not an absolute prohibition like Section 605. Too many conscientious and zealous policemen and prosecutors feel it their duty to violate that section, and do. Then what? I do not know. But the situation in New York, what with a Transit Authority bugging a labor union and the Governor vetoing bills because they are too drastic, should be instructive. I should gladly accept the recommendations of Whitney Seymour and his Special Committee on Wiretapping and Eavesdropping to the Bar Association of the City of New York, but all I know on my own account, —and lawyers, I think, will agree—is that there is only one effective way to enforce any kind of regulation, and that is to make the product useless. Evidence that the police and the prosecutor are forbidden to obtain, no court should be permitted to receive.

Soviet Farmers Calling Iowa . . *by Charles Foster Ransom*

Des Moines, Iowa

RADIO MOSCOW began on March 22 a series of five short-wave broadcasts beamed to Iowa, with the title, "Kuban Calling Iowa," challenging Iowa farmers to "compete and cooperate in farming . . . also to build up friendly contacts." The broadcasts were made in the name of Soviet farmers of the rich Kuban prairie region north of the Caucasus mountains.

Before and during the radio talks, a Radio Moscow man was touring Iowa to stir up interest and get reactions, recording some of them for future broadcasts. Before the series started, another Radio Moscow man in this country had telegraphed Lauren Soth, editor of the editorial pages of the Des Moines *Register and Tribune,* giving the challenge and the broadcast times and wave length, which the *Register* printed.

Soth is the man who won a Pulitzer Prize for his editorial in 1955 suggesting that if Nikita Khrushchev really wanted to step up corn and livestock production in the Soviet Union, he should send a delegation to Iowa to get the low-down, and Soth would be glad to go to Russia with a delegation of American farmers and agricultural experts.

That is exactly what happened, and the exchange that summer went far beyond mere good will. [See *The Nation* of August 13, 1955, for Mr. Ransom's extensive report on the Russians' visit, and for editorial comment in which *The Nation* commended Editor Soth for his imaginative and useful idea.] American experts got their first intensive look at Soviet agriculture in more than a decade, and the Russians picked up a lot of ideas which, on their return home, they promptly began to put into effect: mass use of hybrid corn, modern genetics, use of machinery for some of the smaller farm operations, as well as for plowing and harvesting.

The Russian visitors were exposed also to many ideas which they could not put into effect immediately, such as each collective farm owning its own machinery (coming up now, under Khrushchev's directives), the use of fences instead of herders to keep livestock out of the crops, and more decentralized planning and cost accounting.

This January, Soviet Minister of Agriculture Vladimir Matskevich, who led the 1955 delegation to Iowa, gave an interview in Moscow at which he reported on Russia's 1957 agricultural gains over 1955 and 1956, and complained that the contacts with American agriculturalists had petered out now, except for letter-writing.

The March 22 Radio Moscow broadcast to Iowa said: "When the Soviet farmers [i.e. Khrushchev] set themselves to catch up with the United States in per capita milk, butter and meat production in the next few years, the Kuban farmers decided to challenge the Iowa farmers to competitions." Nikolai Tubokov, a collective-farm chairman in the Kuban who had entertained the Americans in 1955, broadcast: "We certainly wish they would pay us

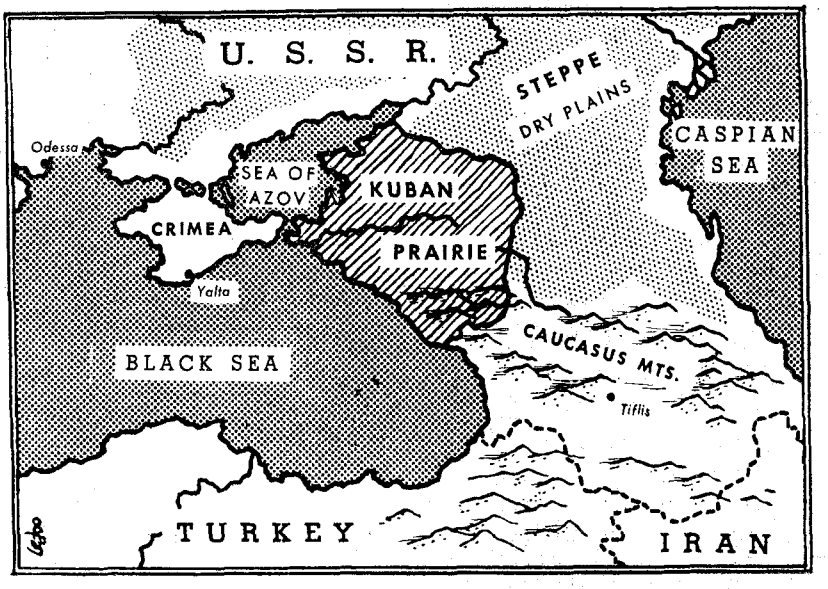
CHARLES F. RANSOM is an editorial writer for the Des Moines Register and Tribune.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

another visit and see how we are living now. We've done a good deal in that time."

The closest the Russians came to spelling out what they meant by the proposed "competitions" was when the assistant head of the Kuban farming board took the microphone during one of the broadcasts: "Here in the Kuban we set ourselves to overtake Iowa in the next few years in the production of meat and dairy products per hundred acres. It would be fine to go on exchanging delegations between the Kuban and Iowa. Now, I do believe, the Iowans might learn something from us."

A singing commercial, in Russian, came on from time to time: "We've given our promise and we're known to keep our word. The Kuban will overtake Iowa in peaceful work."



GEOGRAPHICALLY, the Kuban is the Iowa of the Soviet Union: a well-watered, flat to rolling prairie at the edge of the Great Plains, with deep black soil and a growing season long enough for corn. Like Iowa, the Kuban for centuries was part of the great belt of grassland (prairie and high plains) where warlike tribesmen made settled agriculture perilous. It took hardy pioneers to break the plains: the Kuban, like the Don, was won for the plow by Cossacks.

As readers of Sholokhov know, Cossacks fought on both sides in the Russian Civil War of 1919—but the bulk of them were on the losing, anti-Communist side. In 1929-31 came Stalin's whirlwind drive for collectivization of agriculture. The most fertile areas (like the Kuban) resisted most and took the most punishment. The man-made famine of 1932-33 struck the Kuban with special severity. In World War II, Hitler's armies swept across the Kuban prairie, bringing more sorrow. Even in 1955, women workers far outnumbered men on Kuban farms. But from each disaster, the Kuban bounds back with hard work and sheer vitality. Now Radio Moscow is ready to pit it against Iowa for productivity.

Iowa reactions are various. In the first place, the challenge has so far attracted less attention than did the proposal of 1955. Then, Russia was still the dark side of the moon, and people felt a sudden surge of hope after eight years of cold war. Today, contacts are more numerous, but hopes are dulled.

The Cedar Rapids *Gazette* said the idea of competing with Russian farmers was absurd. Iowa farmers are "just too darned effective. In a sense we've already won farm competition with the Russians, and then some." The *Gazette* went on to suggest competition in other fields, such as keeping international agreements.

Lauren Soth welcomed the challenge, though he saw it as a "smart promotion stunt" by Radio Moscow, rather than a call from the Kuban itself. In a double-column Sunday editorial, he said:

> Fine! Bring 'em on! Let's make clear, however, that the comparison should be in productivity per person engaged in farming.... Yield-per-acre contests are interesting and instructive, just to see what can be done with fertilization, irrigation and various intensive practices. But they don't mean much for international comparisons.

Ralph Olsen of Ellsworth, another member of the 1955 party, said, "It will be interesting to follow this up and see what the Russians have in mind; but I don't see how they could compete with us on any basis. As far as production per worker and per acre are concerned, I don't think they could come close unless they have learned a lot since we were there."

Herbert Pike of Whiting, another farmer from the 1955 group, said, "While our problem is not to produce more but to market what we produce, their problem is to increase production."

Marion Steddom, of Granger, put it, "I'm certainly not worried that the Russians will catch up right away, but I shouldn't worry even if they did."

"I can't think of a finer field in which to compete and build our relationship," commented Charles Hearst of Cedar Falls, another farmer delegate of 1955, "and one which holds more hope for the future."

In 1955, the director of a Soviet state farm in the Kuban thought Pike and Steddom were pulling his leg when they told him they each raised 800 to 1,000 head of pigs with one hired man apiece. But the Russians who toured Iowa farms that year saw it being done. They rationalized that these were skilled farmers with plenty of capital, while less skilled and less well-heeled farmers were being forced off the land in droves (they were and are leaving), and that the successful capitalist farmers they saw would do even better as directors of collectives or state farms.

As a practical matter, no Iowa "consent" is necessary for the Soviet "competitions." Iowa and U.S. statistics are published for the world to see, and *Pravda* or Radio Moscow can make any comparisons it wishes, year by year. But to do that, it must also publish at least a few compar-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

able Soviet and Kuban statistics. If it does so, that in itself will be a victory for Soth and the other economist members of the 1955 delegation. They staged a five-week running battle with the Soviet ministry of agriculture to get some simple, basic statistics. They got dozens of promises, but very few figures.

And any race by Kuban farmers to step up per capita or per-acre production of meat and dairy products cannot possibly hurt anyone else. Like Alice's caucus race, this is a race that all win, and all will be rewarded.

If the Russians, in suggesting the competition, were intent on increasing farming efficiency simply to permit diversion of more manpower to war and war preparations, their drive would not be concentrated on meat, milk and butter. These are luxury foods for a country with plenty of land. The Kuban could support more cannon and missile fodder on wheat and sunflowers, its traditional crops. Corn, hogs and cattle will not support more men—but simply give them a more luxurious diet. The change will also require diversion of steel and capital to fencing and farm machinery.

Bullet-headed Vladimir Matskevich, Soviet Minister of Agriculture and henchman of Khrushchev, came up through the Secret Police economic section, charged with preventing agricultural sabotage in the 1930s, according to a Ukrainian émigré on the staff of Radio Liberation. But in Iowa in 1955 Matskevich, following an American to the speaker's rostrum at a farmers' meeting, said:

> That part of your speech which moved us most was the part which dealt with peace and the preservation of peace. We are from agriculture, the most peaceful calling. In the last generation our country was brought into two deadly wars; twice the enemy invaded our country bringing fire and sword. Because of this, every Russian, Ukrainian and Cossack thinks of peaceful things — sowing wheat and building industry.

Sowing corn and feeding pigs and cattle are better insurance yet. In actions which speak louder than mere words, Soviet agriculture is moving steadily in the direction of butter, not guns, under pressure from Khrushchev himself.

THE BUSINESS of BASEBALL . . *by James T. Farrell*

"WHAT I'M worried about is the future of baseball—not now, but in twenty-five years," Tommy Holmes, New York *Herald Tribune* sports writer, remarked to me at a night game of the Brooklyn Dodgers in Ebbets Field last season.

Tommy, who covered the Dodgers for thirty years, is well-informed about baseball and loves the game. We were both convinced that the Dodgers and the New York Giants would move to California for the 1958 season, and this highlighted the problems of organized baseball which we were discussing.

The Dodgers' ball park, Ebbets Field, was obsolete. It is a shallow park and does not have a sufficient number of good seats; many of these were sold in advance by the sale of season boxes. A fan deciding to go to a ball game at the last moment could not have much hope of getting one of the good seats. The park had a seating capacity of 32,111, but could jam in more with standing room and people sitting in the aisles. The club, however, lost the gates of 40,000 to 50,000 people it might have gotten for some series with the New York Giants or for crucial pennant games. The Dodgers' attendance held up because they had an exceptionally good team. A couple of seasons with ordinary or indifferent teams could easily have put the Brooklyn club in the red. Parking facilities around Ebbets Field were totally inadequate. Considering such factors, Holmes and I were in disagreement with some of the baseball writers on New York newspapers who emphasized the greed of Walter O'Malley, Dodger president.

Tommy mentioned that Larry MacPhail had warned the baseball owners against playing too many night games. A night ball game is like another Sunday, but too many Sundays don't go. MacPhail introduced night ball in the big leagues when he was operating the Cincinnati baseball club. He was also instrumental in the first experimental televising of a major league ball game. Likewise, he had cautioned about overdoing television. Although some baseball men had called him erratic, MacPhail showed a grasp of the problems of baseball as a business and from the standpoint of the owner. And with the Dodgers not playing too well and their fans beginning to lose interest because the club appeared ready to pack up and go, MacPhail's warnings were justified. The problems of baseball in the current post-war era of communications and technological revolution and drastic urban change were laid out clearly and nakedly in the situation in Brooklyn. The club was still operating at a profit with a big assist from television income. But what future did it have? The Milwaukee Braves were in first place, and subsequently they won the pennant and World Series.

After the Boston National League club moved to Milwaukee, it proceeded to enjoy the healthiest gate in the big leagues and to break attendance records. However, the Milwaukee club had the use of a stadium built by the county and leased at a low rental. The stadium is located outside Milwaukee proper and is accessible by good roads; it has adequate parking facilities. The club does not allow the televising of home games. At least 25 per cent to 30 per cent of the Milwaukee attendance is from surrounding small towns

JAMES T. FARRELL, distinguished novelist, essayist and short-story writer, has been an ardent baseball fan all his life.

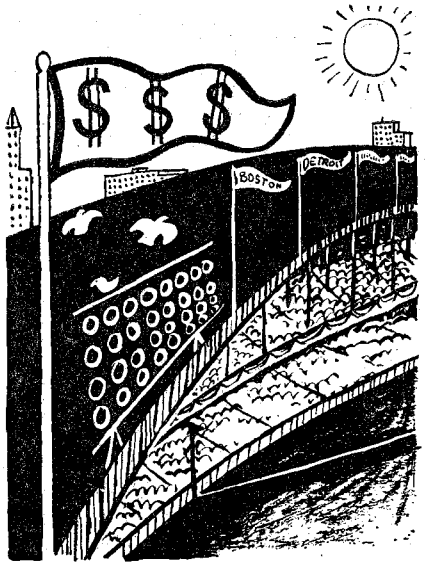
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and rural areas. The amusements and distractions around Milwaukee are few and baseball does not have the tracks as a competitor. These circumstances put the Milwaukee club in a position to compete favorably with other National League clubs; it can also throw profits back into operating expenses for the very costly process of developing young ball players. It costs a big league baseball club roughly a million dollars a year to scout, discover, sign and develop new players and to maintain a healthy farm system.

NOT ONLY money is involved. The fame of the parent club is a factor. It requires years, money and patient work on the part of many men to develop a major league club system and to keep it supplied with high-class player talent.

At Ebbets Field the Dodgers faced the prospect of deterioration and decline, and would have had to compete with Milwaukee on unequal terms. Here the problems of organized baseball could be seen with simplicity and clarity. And in *Life*, (February 24, 1958), MacPhail contributed an article, A Pulmotor for Baseball, which diagnosed these and related problems facing organized baseball today. "Baseball," he wrote, "is in real trouble. I regret to say that it is no longer the national pastime. As a fan . . . this profoundly disturbs me. . . . The fans, whose dollars have kept the game going for 89 years, are disheartened. Even the kids . . . who are the fans of tomorrow, are deserting baseball for other sports. . . . " Attendance has dropped in most parks from record highs in the last decade. In 1957 the Yankees' pennant-winning team drew 1,476,000 at their home games as against a record of 2,373,000 ten years ago. MacPhail accuses the owners of apathy, and proposes that an expansion into four major leagues, with a restriction on night games and of the televising of games, can restore baseball to its one-time preeminence. But he also declares that all but three major league ball parks are obsolete because of urban changes, population changes, old plants and equipment. Whereas it would have cost something like $25 a seat to build a new ball park twenty-five years ago, it would cost more than $150 a seat at the present time. Major league baseball cannot lick the problem of obsolescence in ball parks without municipal or other public aid. I do not believe even the Yankee owners could do it today even if they had to.

BASEBALL WAS professionalized and became a business in 1869, when the first fully professional team, the Cincinnati Red Stockings, took the field. According to *The Official Encyclopedia of Baseball,* the salary



total for the club was $9,500. Gate receipts were $29,726.26. Salaries and other expenses ran to $29,724.87; net profits were $1.39. The question of whether baseball was a business or a sport was thus answered at the outset. The history of baseball as a business parallels that of other business enterprises, especially new ones, of the last eighty-nine years. Baseball, in fact, had a relatively easy development, and while it suffered from wars, the pirating of players and gambling, it largely escaped gangsterism and hooliganism. With such books as Thorstein Veblen's *The Theory of Business Enterprise* and *The Theory of the Leisure Class,* one could almost deduce the development of baseball correctly without knowing the facts. By 1876, playing and management were separated, baseball was a management- and entrepreneur-run business. With prosperity in the 1880s, player grievances mounted and a Brotherhood was formed. When the demands of players were ignored, the Brotherhood decided to form an independent league rather than to strike. The Brotherhood League functioned for one season; attendance was down in all three leagues of that year. The owners were shaky, but A. G. Spalding, graduated from player to owner, bluffed the players into unconditional surrender. From 1871 on, baseball was influenced by the same centralizing tendencies in evidence in other enterprises during a period of wildly expanding capitalism. One point, scarcely observed by commentators, is that centralization, while inevitably making baseball a big business, saved the integrity of the game, especially when professionalism, gambling and boozing became big problems. In the early 1870s, as much as $20,000 was bet on a single game. There were scandals in the last century, and players were disbarred. Without centralization, baseball would have gone the way of boxing and horse racing, and could not have policed itself. Everything considered, baseball has successfully policed itself, even though it has operated, quite naturally, with the interest of the owners in mind. E. C. Alft, Jr., an M. A. at Cornell, wrote a study, *The Development of Baseball As a Business: 1876-1900,* which concisely tells most of this story in the period of birth and growth of professional baseball.* Mr. Alft demonstrated that "the history of the national game . . . may profitably illustrate the widespread impact of 'the business principle' in the last quarter of the nineteenth century" when "America witnessed the swift transformation of the whole economic order in the expansion of business enterprise."

In 1900, the American League was organized. Players were again pirated, but an agreement was signed and the geography and the basic

* Cf., Study of Monopoly Power, Hearings before the Sub-Committee on Study of Monopoly Power of the Committee on the Judiciary, House of Representatives, Eighty-Second Congress, First Session Serial No. 1, Part 6, Organized Baseball, (Washington, 1951, pp. 1432, 1443). I have relied mainly but not wholly on Mr. Alft here. These hearings constitute an invaluable source of data and insight into the social, economic, and administrative aspects of organized baseball.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

structure of modern, organized baseball for most of the next half century was established by 1903. In 1914-1915, the Federal League caused a new baseball war, and like previous ones, produced a raise in player salaries. This crisis was settled in 1916. In 1920, the "fixed" 1919 World Series was publicly exposed. The appointment of Judge Landis as baseball commissioner or czar, supplanting a ruling national commission, did as much to save baseball as did the lively or home-run ball and Babe Ruth. Two important changes in the 1920s were the development of the farm system (due to the perspicacity of Branch Rickey) and radio. The farm system, with a more centralized, pyramidal structure, implied the decline of the minor leagues. Earlier, the automobile, the national trade-brand consumer product, and the movies had begun to change the small town and to eat away at the bases of small-town pride which sustained minor leagues.

After the Second World War, baseball faced a new crisis. With many players demoralized, a Boston attorney, Robert Murphy, almost organized the Pittsburgh Pirates into a trade union. He would probably have succeeded with unionization, as some now recognize, had he tackled the minor leagues first. At the same time, the Pasquale brothers raided organized baseball to attract players for the Mexican League. Fear that the reserve clause binding a player for life to the club signing him would not hold up in the courts

added to the woes of the owners. In the meantime, baseball had become at least a $100 million business. A steering committee of owners studied these questions, and a most intelligent report (from the owners' standpoint) was drafted by Larry MacPhail. Player grievances were sidetracked, and a system of player representation and a pension plan were adopted. A few years later, the players hired J. Norman Lewis as their lawyer; only after this did they begin to get a better pension plan. The issue of pensions and of player-owner relationships will come up in the future, and there will be new frictions and disputes, mainly concerning conditions of work and the shares of the pie to be cut.

BUT baseball weathered this crisis, boomed, and then began to flatten out. The pressure of economic, social and technological change on baseball could not be ignored in the 1950s. Five major league franchises were transferred between 1952 and the present. Whereas there were five two-club major league cities in 1950, there is only one, Chicago, at the present time. The minor leagues began to wither and they are still withering. Baseball received a boost from night games, television and moves to new cities. Congress began to investigate charges of monopoly and the question of the reserve clause. However, it must be said that without the reserve clause in some form, baseball as we know it will be wrecked.

Today the biggest factor of change in baseball is television. A recent issue of *Television Age* indicated that in the current season the major league clubs will receive about $5,250,000 for television rights of major league games. Advertisers will spend about $34.6 million to put 781 games on video. About 207 New York Yankee and Philadelphia Philly league games will be telecast in the New York area. All but three of the sixteen major league clubs — the Milwaukee Braves, Los Angeles Dodgers and San Francisco Giants — will televise games. Last year baseball clubs finished in the black, thanks to television. And the main television sponsors are fifteen breweries and a few cigarette companies. "The beer companies temporarily saved baseball," a veteran New York baseball writer remarked to me last summer.

WHEN WE READ analyses or denunciations of baseball as a business run by greedy owners, we should keep in mind the fact that baseball as we have known it all during our lifetime has been dominated by professionalism, and has been a centralized and relatively big business. Baseball today is not changing from a sport to a business; baseball as a business is changing in the new America. Baseball as we knew it, especially in childhood, faced less competition from other sports and entertainments. It occupied a more central place in the American consciousness than it does now. News of baseball depended on the press, and one had to go to the ball park and pay to see a game. The wireless ticker carried the news of pennant races, and the World Series, to the hinterland. While the sport was centralized in structure, there were many individual owners, not sixteen giants with farm systems. The country as a whole was less sophisticated. The ball player was more of a hero and less of a celebrity. The ball park was more easily accessible and safer. Today, some ball parks are located in tension-ridden, deteriorated neighborhoods, and parents are afraid to let their children go to ball games, especially at night. Aside from the admission price, the cost of seeing a game often amounted to ten cents carfare. Gasoline and parking fees, lunch for an all-day trip are now added to the money which many fans must pay to see a ball game. The cost of operations for a ball club is steadily rising. Every year, baseball faces stiffer competition for its share of the consumer dollar and the leisure time of Americans. Owners and players have both become dependent on television money. The owners need it as a source of profit, and a TV contract plus the sale of season boxes usually give a club a cushion against losses before the season opens. But television is "educating" the fan to see the game at home. Television has already thrown

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hollywood into a crisis, and has made professional boxing one of its adjuncts. It is difficult to conceive how baseball can avoid the same fate.

Also, television makes baseball financially dependent upon sponsors. "Baseball and Ballantine," Phil Rizzuto, now a telecaster, declares as he begins to tell the story of every Yankee game. Whereas baseball was once an independent sport and business, it is now tied into the war of the trade brands and trade names which dominates American culture, entertainments, amusements and sports. This is revealed in the televising of every ball game. The telecasters are paid by the ball clubs, not the broadcasting companies. They must describe the game while offending no one, do a public-relations job for the club, pull people to the ball park and, at the same time, urge the viewing audience to smoke a lot of cigarettes and go to the ice box and get another can of beer. The televised ball game must stimulate sales of canned beer and baseball attendance. The contradiction is obvious. Furthermore, the sponsors need more night games because the viewing audience is so much greater. Baseball competes with all other forms of entertainment, and is in the struggle for the night-leisure time of Americans. It must inevitably suffer from this.

THE BALL players' pension plan is now tied to TV revenues. Also, the income of many players is enlarged through TV appearances and testimonials. Don Larsen was reported to have made at least fifty thousand dollars in TV income after pitching his perfect no-hit game against the Brooklyn Dodgers in the 1956 World Series. The players' wives are rung in on beer testimonials. The ball player is honest, and usually plays for all he is worth, but his social and economic position has changed. More and more, he and his game are becoming instruments in the competition to sell more of one or another brand of beer, cigarettes, motor oil, gasoline, razor blades, hair oil and so on. Whenever baseball cannot hold millions, it is in financial danger. A bigger attraction on TV can wreck its rating. Without rating, its TV income is endangered, and it may go in the red. Q.E.D. Put Marilyn Monroe, Brigitte Bardot, Gina Lollobrigida and a few more of the gals on TV regularly, and what is a home run by Mickey Mantle worth?

In many ways, then, baseball is being tied to business and entertainment. Along with movies, baseball afforded the cheapest entertainment. Television is for free and the consumer pays the bill only indirectly. Even though baseball probably was the national sport, its paying customers were never more than a minority of Americans. How many different persons paid to produce the record Yankee attendance of 2,373,901 in 1948? But now, baseball must hold millions or else it can well become a second-rate sport. Baseball is not dying. The investment in the game, and its indirect business value, as well as the fact that it has sunk institutionally into American life, preclude the absolute death which a few have predicted for it. But it is changing and losing its preeminence in American life. This is the essence of the crisis in baseball. This is the situation as another baseball season rolls around and Casey Stengel seeks to become the first American League manager to win nine pennants. It appears that baseball will inevitably occupy a lesser place in American life than it did in 1911, when I first could understand the game. Time, and many factors besides the policies of owners, will determine what that place is to be.

WILL THERE BE an AUTO STRIKE?.. *by B. J. Widick*

Detroit

JUST PRIOR to the opening of current contract talks with the United Auto Workers, the Big Three of the auto industry held a significant policy-making conference at the exclusive Detroit Athletic Club. Present were Harlow Curtice, president of General Motors; Henry Ford II of the Ford Motor Company, and L. L. Colbert, president of Chrysler. Word of the supposedly secret gathering leaked out through Jack Crellin, Detroit *Times* labor reporter. On the agenda were two basic questions upon which the course of the 1958 contract negotiations largely depended: (1) Should the industry adopt a policy of "containment or destruction" of the U.A.W.? (2) Should the car manufacturers present a united front and hold joint negotiations with the union, or should each corporation go it alone?

After the 1955 settlement, in which the U.A.W. obtained a "supplemental unemployment compensation plan"—a watered-down version of the guaranteed annual wage — by tackling Ford first and then going to General Motors and Chrysler, Henry Ford II publicly proposed that the next time all the auto magnates should confront Walter Reuther at a common bargaining table. He was supported at the time by Chrysler.

These vital questions, posed and discussed by the top brass of the Big Three at their "secret" conference, had special pertinence in view of the obviously advantageous position the manufacturers seemed to hold because of the recession. New car inventories had reached the 900,000 mark, so that a fairly prolonged strike would have little effect on supply, especially since there was a noticeable let down in demand. Likewise, the layoff of tens of thousands of auto workers further weakened Reuther's overall strategic position.

B. J. WIDICK, who has written extensively on labor problems in the auto industry, is co-author, with Irving Howe, of The UAW and Walter Reuther.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In the context of that situation, predictions of a stiff stand by the manufacturers and of a consequent major strike in the summer of 1958 were a dime a dozen. It seemed that the manufacturers were prepared to meet the U.A.W. head on, perhaps even to try to break the union.

But the results of the secret sessions of the Big Three turned out differently than expected. Signs multiply that the manufacturers are no more interested in a strike than are Reuther and the U.A.W. And, with General Motors refusing to go along with Ford and Chrysler on the idea of group bargaining, each company is again on its own. In fact, General Motors has offered to renew

Erie

Walter Reuther

its current contract with the U.A.W., and to include an automatic 6-cent raise under the so-called "annual improvement factor" clause. But to deduce from this merely that General Motors is again falling for Walter Reuther's one-at-a-time strategy is to be guilty of superficial analysis.

To understand the basic policy decisions of the Big Three, it is necessary to grasp the fundamental fact that the auto industry itself is in a crisis far deeper than its leaders are willing to admit publicly. The postwar honeymoon, when all you had to do to sell a car was to build one, is over. There are today 56,000,000 automobiles registered in the United States, and 91 per cent of them are less than ten years old. The car market would be glutted even without the recession; the crisis in motor transport consists not in the lack of automobiles but in the lack of highways to accommodate those already on the road. Even though many signs of a recession had already appeared when the 1958 models were introduced last fall, the Big Three expected to sell approximately 6,000,000 cars this year, duplicating their 1957 record. The drastic drop in car sales is dramatized by the current 900,000-car inventory, which has accumulated in spite of the industry's curtailment of production to less than 50 per cent of capacity. Production for the first quarter of this year is 31 per cent under the first quarter of 1957.

THE problem of saturation has been intensified by the success of the small-car idea, which only a year ago the auto manufacturers were shrugging off as beneath their concern. The amazing climb in foreign small-car sales (reaching 200,000 in 1957) finally induced General Motors to import its Vauxhall and Opel from Germany, and only last week Ford announced it would import its German-made Taunus. The only American manufacturer enjoying an excellent year is the American Motors Company, with its small Rambler. The economy of performance of the small car (at least thirty miles per gallon), a low rate of depreciation, ease of parking and simplicity of style and design have captured a growing portion of the American car consumers' imagination. The big American cars, over-styled and with high depreciation and costly upkeep, confront a challenge which threatens to revolutionize the American car market. The American car manufacturers, who have invested over $10 billion in the past decade to expand large-car manufacturing facilities, have been caught flatfooted.

Furthermore, under their "administered price" policy, the auto companies have raised the price of their product above the reach of a large section of the American public. The proposal before Congress to eliminate the excise tax on automobiles, which would cut their cost by at least $100 to the consumer, has been endorsed enthusiastically by the manufacturers. Walter Reuther's support of the proposal is not the least of the reasons why the industry is not quite so hostile toward him and the U.A.W. as it might otherwise have been.

The fabulous profits earned by the industry in the last ten years—approximately $10 billion net—are so well known that the manufacturers find it impossible to plead inability to pay in dealing with the U.A.W. on the wage issue. The Washington hearings before Senator Estes Kefauver's subcommittee on auto pricing verified these stupendous profits.

Since the auto companies are so vulnerable on all these fronts, it is easy to understand why they have been exceedingly wary of the gifted Walter Reuther, whose talent for public relations has proved too much for their high-priced staffs time and again. Nor have General Motors, Ford and Chrysler forgotten certain recent contract negotiations with the U.A.W. and their after-effects. In 1950, Chrysler misunderstood the U.A.W. proposal for a funded pension plan and the result was a bitter 103-day strike that cost Chrysler its position as the number two producer in the auto industry. Chrysler never regained that position, which Ford now holds. In the 1955 settlement, General Motors executives were blunt in informing Walter Reuther, "You will never get that package here," referring to the settlement reached first at Ford and then imposed on General Motors. In the end, the industry leaders understood a lot more about the 1955 package when, after it was signed, the industry and the union faced a series of rank-and-file wildcat strikes in protest over the inadequacies of the contract.

TODAY, the most complex and disturbing problem confronting both sides at the negotiation table is the revolt of the skilled trades, arising out of dissatisfaction with the 1955 contract gains. At the present time, there are fifty-nine auto plants now covered by contracts between the U.A.W. and the Big Three in which the Society of Skilled Trades, and other independent unions, have petitioned for NLRB elections and are winning wide support based on "pie in the sky" demands which

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

would be exceedingly costly for the manufacturers to meet. Furthermore, the advent of many tiny craft unions could upset the balance of labor relations and create something very close to anarchy in the auto industry.

General Motors' offer to renew the current contract for two years, which would give the U.A.W. a total of 12 cents in wage increases and would retain the escalator clause tying wage rates to the cost of living, is obviously a feeler designed to elicit the price that must be paid for labor peace this year. The answer rests largely in the hands of Walter Reuther and the U.A.W. The course the union takes in the current negotiations depends on many factors, some of which are beyond the union's control. In enumerating these factors, one may obtain a clearer picture of the conflicts inherent in the current situation.

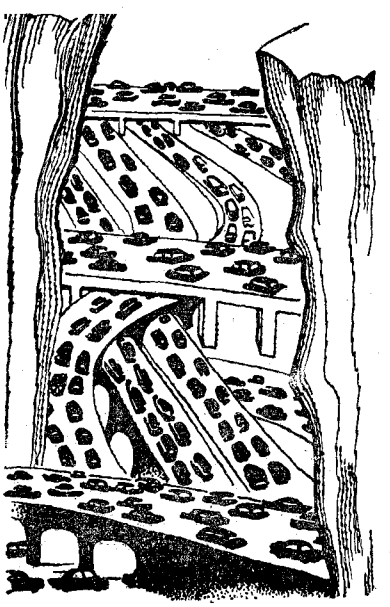
Walter Reuther's crystal ball in April, 1957, deceived him almost as much as their previous economic successes deceived the manufacturers. At the U.A.W. convention last spring, Reuther visualized a relatively prosperous America in 1958 in which his union would be able to play a vanguard role by pioneering the shorter work week. Reuther's able research department had assembled an impressive array of statistics to prove that the answer to automation, which was increasingly disturbing the union movement, lay in a shorter work week without loss in pay, which the auto industry could afford. Hundreds of thousands of Reuther's adherents hoped that their dream of less work in the giant assembly plants would soon come true. His critics, like Carl Stellato, president of Ford Local 600, could only sit at the convention in dazed assent and mutter, "He has taken our program."

At the same time, Reuther and his colleagues, recognizing the implications of the 1955 skilled-trades revolt, prepared to abandon their earlier resistance to the demands of the U.A.W. skilled workers for a separate contract, for more representation at the bargaining table and for higher wages.

As the recession deepened last winter, cutting cruelly into the ranks of the employed auto workers, top U.A.W. leaders began to hedge somewhat in the grandiose plans proclaimed in the spring. They proposed that car manufacturers cut prices $100 per car, in return for which the U.A.W. would "adjust" its demands in the 1958 negotiations. The industry dismissed these proposals offhand, since they had no idea how acute their own crisis would become.

BY NOW it had become clear that if the U.A.W. continued its projected campaign for a shorter work week in the face of the new downward trends, the manufacturers would resist to the point where a major strike, whose outcome was uncertain, would be inevitable. It was necessary for Reuther to retreat. The only question was: how? The way was found in Reuther's announcement that the U.A.W. would fight for a profit-sharing plan. The proposal was approved by the union at a special convention in February, 1958, held in Detroit. The vote was almost unanimous, although the plan was scarcely understood and its implications were open to many questions that could not be resolved in a two-day gathering.

The Big Three's abrupt rejection of the profit-sharing proposal, together with Reuther's determination to avoid a strike this year if possible, suggest that the scheme will be quickly expendable on the bargaining table. Reuther's case for it was not helped by the somewhat less than enthusiastic approval expressed by George Meany, president of the AFL-CIO. Nor has the plan caught fire in the ranks; most workers hold to their dream of working fewer hours, and understandably show a far greater interest in improved working conditions and higher wages than in any other single proposal before the top negotiators.



The unrest in the skilled trades and the many speed-up struggles in Ford, General Motors and Chrysler that are going on at the present time seem likely to have a greater effect on contract settlements than the pyrotechnics which now mark the negotiations. The industry faces the problem of how far it can "contain" the U.A.W. without further provoking the unrest of the auto workers, who will not be satisfied with merely routine gains. The strategy of "cutting Reuther down to size" could, in the end, become too costly a surgery. For Walter Reuther, the problem is reversed. He must make sufficient gains to satisfy a restive membership which, in view of the economic outlook, does not want a strike, but nevertheless still retains visions of the 1957 shorter-work-week program. In the area between what the companies will give to obtain peace, and what Walter Reuther must win to retain control and support of the U.A.W. ranks, rests the solution to the 1958 contract negotiations. Each side recognizes the necessity of "living together" and within that framework the hard bargaining over the vital details of the contracts will take place. There will be debate on the extent of automation and the rate of productivity improvement by auto workers. There are already ample funds—over $154 million—in the supplemental unemployment benefit pool to more than make up for the million payments, averaging $14 each, which have already been extended. The pension funds of the Big Three total over $750 million; here, too, improvement may be expected. All these considerations give overwhelming weight to the general belief that a major strike will not occur in 1958.

The imponderables remain: workers' reactions to whatever settlement is reached and the outcome of the skilled-trades revolt.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Roles of Childhood

BEFORE NOON. By Ramon J. Sender. University of New Mexico Press. 408 pp. $6.50.

Paul Blackburn

RAMON SENDER'S three-part novel, *Before Noon*, is one of the sweetest-tempered books I have read in a long time. In fact, I can recall no book of prose at all with which to set it. I thought that only poetry could be this warm.

This does not seem to be so much a result of Mr. Sender's style (an enviable clarity in itself), as of his attitude toward his character, Pepe Garcés. I don't think Pepe can avoid being mostly Ramon Sender, ages ten to twelve. I do not know what Mr. Sender thinks of himself as man, but he adores that boy! I am grateful; you will be too.

The three books record that period of childhood which is possibly the most difficult of all to describe convincingly and honestly: when a boy is poised on the edge of full adolescence. The mixture of childish wisdom, bravado, and the new painful knowledge, would seem to me very difficult to control in its suddenly fluctuating proportions, to keep the character-drawing from suddenly going soft at one place or another, or from becoming exaggerated elsewhere. Luckily for us, Mr. Sender manages to communicate the correct amount of love, and of hardness.

The novels are laid out as what, at first, appears to be a linked series of leisurely anecdotes of childhood. For a narrator, a Spanish Republican officer in the French concentration camp at Argelès-sur-Mer, they are:

> Setting down one memory after another, as I might lay one brick after another to build myself a shelter against wind and rain. Perhaps that is what, really, I am setting out to do.

It does look that simple at first, but this frame and this statement are a novelist's device to intensify belief, and at the same time to define a symbol for the life of exile. The Spanish word for it is *nostalgía*. The more direct English word is *homesickness*.

But it is sweetly and poignantly remembered, and written in a style which, thanks also to its able translation, is engaging in its openness, and opens onto the depths of positivity in the human character as it builds its major symbols.

I should say at this point that Mr. Sender is possibly the only other realistic novelist Spain has produced aside from Pío Baroja. (There is a younger man, Arturo Barea, but I have not read his work.) And Baroja's realism restricts itself mainly to surface action, where Sender moves much more deeply and satisfactorily into the people he portrays.

THE "Chronicle of Dawn" concentrates chiefly on the adoration of Pepe and Valentina for each other, and on Pepe's incarnation as hero and poet. He is hero, of course, as the ten-year-old leader of a street gang would have to be, and the poems copied for Valentina from Bécquer, or that he himself invents for her, prove his second aspect. Both roles are, in the nature of things, a trial to his intermittently stern and never very patient father. But Valentina's mother sympathizes with his Lover, and his own mother binds his wounds and soothes his Hero's pride, until Valentina instinctively takes over these functions. The third aspect, the Saint, is totally beyond comprehension in this first part.

There is one act of extreme kindness, which seems at first highly gratuitous, but leads directly to the second book and his being sent away to school. And in the vaults and tombs connecting two castles, in the one hair-raising episode in the book, Pepe learns that the Hero, the Saint and the Poet, the sources of any country's greatness, were long ago murdered or suppressed by the secular powers, or to put it more modernly, it had been "good business" to do so.

THE second volume, "Violent Griffin," concerns itself actively with Pepe's adventures, and they are numerous, in the monk's school at Reus. Unfortunately, not one is short enough to quote in full, though I may gloss a few later. Symbolically, this section centers on the Saintly aspect, or if you like, the Artist as Saint, and revolves chiefly around Pepe's conversations with the lay-brother in the workshop. The other aspects are tried against this one, as in tourney, but if any victory can be said to have been won, let the reader decide whose victory it is:

> Repeating his own words, I said: "If it is vanity, that doesn't matter. You would probably like to be the best sculptor in the world and cannot be. When you see you cannot . . . you will be very unhappy. And so you will pray. Isn't that what you want?"
>
> The lay brother looked at me with shining eyes. "You are giving me back my lesson, and you say it very seriously, very sure of yourself. I wonder if you are right, if we are right? Well then, this very instant when you are talking with the sincerity of innocence, I ought to kneel at your feet and kiss your shoes. Yes, my son. I like that statue, indeed I do. I want to make statues and not only for the devout to venerate because of what they represent, no. I want to hew out of the stone and wood forms that I alone have seen in my solitude. Will I do it? I don't know. Take away that head and put it wherever you like. I will think of it there now and then. But I will not put my name on the base, no, not that."
>
> "Why not?"
>
> **"No, don't insist. It is useless, little brother."**

PAUL BLACKBURN is a poet and translator. Author of Proensa *and* The Dissolving Fabric, *he has just returned from four years in Spain and the South of France. His anthology of twelfth-century troubadours is nearing completion.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But Pepe does carry off the head, somehow as prize, and sets it up in a public park.

Meanwhile, the other aspects continue to function, the heroic, the poet reading the *De Amor* of André le Chapelain, the report to Valentina on free-love, the deciding that the definition of Virgin is: all girls named Maria are virgins, and writing Valentina the sad news, that she cannot come hunting unicorns with him because she is not a virgin. . . . All this goes on, but the emphasis is still the lay-brother and the long discussions which ultimately concern the connections between the Saint and the Artist. The heroism of Pepe's raid on the electric plant, or his devising and executing a plan to get himself and all his friends out of taking exams, are pleasant and necessary diversions.

One of his schoolmates, Planibell, is a fragile, delicate child who talks like a truck-driver. He gathers his table-companions around him, teaching them the vilest language in a large repertory of dirty words in Catalan, Castilian and French. The French words

> . . . sounded quite innocent to us because of our unfamiliarity with them. Caresse joined the group once in a while and we made him learn them. This boy, a little simpleton, admired Planibell who told him:
>
> "When Father Miró asks you for examples of the parts of speech in class, you must say: substantive: *merde*. Adjective: *salaud*. Emphatic pejorative: *espèce de con*."
>
> The boy learned them and waited for his opportunity to shine.

There are innumerable such joys, both larger and smaller, in both of the first two volumes.

THE "Villa Julieta," the final volume, is just, if not as satisfying as the first two. And the reader cannot help projecting the dissatisfactions the boy himself will some day find. The intimate or half-trusted friend is there: Felipe. Or sometimes Concha, Pepe's older sister, whom he extracts from a flirtation with a circus acrobat. Juan the gardener takes the "older" position of wisdom, held by Mosén Joaquín in the first book and the lay-brother in the second. But the industrial-metropolitan mood of Zaragosa, the intrusion of the importance of commercial life upon the boy's consciousness, dull the vitality. The relationships are less intense. The ambience of "city" seems to subdue everything to its "proper proportion." When the pace picks up noticeably upon Pepe's return, with Concha and his father, to the village for business reasons, one feels that the book had needed such a lift.

The crux is the sudden appearance of what had been slowly maturing all this time: Pepe's discovery of personal voluptuousness, i.e., woman, and the slow, even then, identification of that feeling, with his feeling for Valentina. It is most delicately expressed after an evening on the carrousel:

> Several afternoons I returned to the fair alone. To hear the "Moors and Christians" *pasodoble* and not have Valentina beside me caused me a kind of adult melancholy. And I liked it.

The severe lesson we learn is that, when the Hero, the Poet and the Saint disappear, with the slow maturing of a boy, only then does the man and the artist emerge with his first buds. It is a sad loss, but never(?) a total one. What is kept is the memory of those seed roles. And whatever is kept of the child measures the greatness of the man. But that is possibly farther than the book would take us.

> I confess that when we left the park I felt calmer. I was beginning to be afraid of all that useless beauty, especially when with Valentina. I was afraid for her. Later on I learned the real danger there is in all true beauty.

The book ends with the lay-brother's statue, now christened Byzantium, another discussion of the woman who lost her child in the pool where the head sits on its pedestal, and the dry desolate yellow leaves of autumn. Everything comes finally to the tentative, mournful balance of adolescence with its presentiments of both happiness and disaster. But the directness is gone, and for good. Any movement, any decision hereafter, will be clouded and blurred, in consideration of this first knowledge, the real fall from innocence, this vision of thighs.

I hope I have not misled you by overweighting my discussion of structure. The realism is the greatest delight, and one could construct (and would want to) a review composed solely of long quotations from the text. Because of which temptation, it is easier to discuss the novel in terms of its successful symbols and their eventual defeat when childhood moves into adolescence, than it is to discuss the ever-present action or the character delineation.

The translations (the first volume by Willard R. Trask and the final two by Florence Hall Sender) both seem better than run-of-the-mill, and the fabric of the book will catch you up, both in its gross take and in its delicacies, so that you will read, impatient for the next development.

The pattern of symbols is inherent in the problem of the novelist building his novel, or a reviewer looking for a frame upon which to hang his review.

The book is the pleasure.

In Defense of T. R.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT, Vol. I, The Formative Years 1858-1886. By Carleton Putnam. Charles Scribner's Sons. 626 pp. $10.

Harry Barnard

THEY ARE at it again, the body-snatching, political myth makers. With Thomas Jefferson, they have never quite succeeded; he was just too much of a libertarian.

With Lincoln, they have had considerably more success. So truly democratic in his instincts and in most of his utterances and actions, still this grand figure has been almost canonized as a big business saint.

Curiously, even Carl Sandburg, the former Socialist organizer, whose study of Lincoln is filled with proof of Lincoln's essential democracy, is in danger of being captured by the myth makers,

---

HARRY BARNARD writes the column, "Liberal at Large," for the Chicago Daily News. *His latest book,* Independent Man, *The Life of Senator James Couzens, will be published by Scribner's on May 15.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

who use beloved American figures for present-day political motives. In Sandburg's case, out of love and esteem, one must hope that he may yet be spared the unnecessary harm done him by some of his friends who praise his tinsel and ignore his substance.

The latest victim of reputation slaughter by the myth makers is Theodore Roosevelt. In many respects, he was the best President of the United States in the modern era, next to the Democratic Roosevelt. He was this because he was a liberal and a people's President.

Only incidentally was TR also a popular President for being so outstanding an example of his special philosophy of the strenuous life. That strenuosity at times amounted to shenanigans. But the people accepted it all because, with reason, they believed Roosevelt was always on their side—as when he chewed up the oil trust, forced the beginnings of a policy of preserving the public lands against looting, and successfully sponsored the food and drug laws, to end such things as the sale of "vinegar" that was really dilute sulphuric acid.

BUT when one reads much lately printed about TR, in connection with the 100th anniversary of his birth, one hardly suspects there was much difference between him and John Foster Dulles. In point is the recent *Time* magazine cover piece on TR. It should be obvious even to President Eisenhower that the real purpose of this cleverly-written eulogy of Roosevelt, as suggested in a recent *Nation* editorial, was to persuade him that in order to live up to the tradition of Roosevelt, he must get tough on labor and let Mr. Dulles shake an even bigger stick still more vigorously at the Russians.

This is complete mishandling of TR's significance—and the liberals of America ought not to let the myth makers get away with it. Like Jefferson, Lincoln, and yes, even Sandburg, TR belongs to us. For one, I am ready to gird my loins for another Armageddon, to do battle for TR's reputation. He should be a symbol, not of reaction or reckless adventurism in foreign affairs that could lead only to disaster, but of progressivism and of a sane concept of America's role in world affairs.

As is the case with many persons, there were two sides to TR. He could be very odd at times. Mark Twain once referred to him bitterly as a "crazy man." In one breath he could foolishly announce refusal to shake hands with John P. Altgeld, yet in the next breath he could, and did, embrace Altgeld's liberal ideas and make the best his own.

He made gross noises like a jingoist. Yet he deserved the Nobel Peace prize. For he stood sanely for arbitration and negotiation, rather than war, for settling nasty conflicts between great powers. His special phrase, "Speak softly but carry a big stick," could very well be a good rule even today—provided Mr. Dulles and others *really* understood that TR placed as much emphasis on the first part of this axiom as on the second.

The danger is that his late-comer admirers—many of the type who opposed the Bull Moose movement—accent only the big stick.

Carleton Putnam's first of a planned four-volume work provides much illumination for the duality of TR's character, though it takes Roosevelt only up to the threshold of his career. Except for an almost amusing Victorian style, from which Putnam may recover as he nears the 1900s, this first volume is first-rate biography. True, it is excessively hagiographic, and Henry Pringle's one-volume work remains a necessary astringent. But I assume this is because Alice Longworth has been breathing over Mr. Putnam's shoulder.

IT IS too early yet to know whether Mr. Putnam will fall into the camp of the myth makers. If he stays too close to Mrs. Longworth—so unlike her father as even to boast of preferring "gray caviar" to buffalo venison—he is in danger of spoiling a promising and important work. This would be a pity. For Putnam's grasp of Roosevelt, like the research he has done, is massive.

Let's hope that, in his future volumes, he also will be found girded for the right side of Armageddon—and properly portray TR's best and dominant side, making him, on balance, much closer to FDR than Mrs. Longworth likes to admit.

French Curiosity

TAINE'S NOTES ON ENGLAND. Translated with an Introduction by Edward Hyams. Essential Books, Inc. 296 pp. $6.

Mina Curtiss

EIGHTY-SIX years ago, soon after the first publication in France of Hyppolite Taine's *Notes on England*, the book was reviewed in *The Nation* by Henry James who throughout his life continued to hold in high regard "the great and admirable Taine, . . . the fine excursions of his French curiosity." After the striking success of his *Histoire de la littérature anglaise* in 1857, Taine paid three visits to England, the first in 1859, the last, when he lectured at Oxford, in 1871. The *Notes*, translated anew into English for the first time since 1874, are as lively as the author's curiosity.

"[Taine's] note-book is never out of his hand," Henry James wrote in these columns on January 25, 1872, "and facts, facts is his constant demand. His work fairly bristles with them. . . . He begins with the *dehors*—the outside look of things. . . . He is over-whelmed, like most foreigners, with the massiveness and hugeness and multitudinousness of the material civilization, and he is struck, like Hawthorne, with a certain broad analogy between the English and the Romans of the Roman Empire."

Since the decline of the British Empire many European travelers have applied this analogy to the United States and many contemporary visitors describing their impressions of New York have echoed the words in which Taine evoked the London of his day. "Enormous, enormous, that is the word which recurs all the time. And, moreover, rich and well-cared for . . . endless rows of monumental houses, built of massive stone . . . lining the very wide streets. . . . Everything here is on a larger scale . . . the hotels are monumental; the river is an arm of the sea; the cabs move twice as fast . . . bus-conductors run a whole sentence into a single word. The people are sparing of words and gestures, the last atom of value is extracted from every action and every minute: a man produces, and spends, twice as much here as in France."

BUT Taine did not confine his observations to the obvious aspect of the West End and the City of London. He visited docks and workhouses, churches and schools, the factories of Manchester and the shipyards on the Clyde. Everywhere he asked questions and recorded conversations. "A country is its people," he wrote, and to portray England, he explains, the technique he used was the one that "painters and novelists do by instinct when, through the medium of a few characters, they give us a résumé of their times and environment." Many of the characters and situations Taine

---

MINA CURTISS translated The Letters of Marcel Proust. *Her biography,* Bizet and His World, *will be published later this year.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

described evoke in the reader a sense of wandering through the country of Dickens, before that author imposed upon the scene his very personal humor and sentimentality.

Edward Hyams gives a useful introduction and notes, and a translation that is readable, adequate, but rather lacking in assurance. When uncertain of the exact significance of a French word or phrase he cites the original in a footnote and asks the reader to decide the meaning for himself. In describing a form of punishment in schools his translation reads, "The boy is beaten on the thigh with a fives racquet." Mr. Hyams's footnote for the word thigh reads, "*Gras de la jambe.* Thigh? Calf? Bottom? (E. H.)" Harrap's dictionary defines *gras de la jambe* as "the calf of the leg."

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

THE Stratford Festival Company of Canada has not put its best foot forward with the two productions it brought down for the season at the Phoenix Theatre. For some reason the company chose to do *Two Gentlemen of Verona* in Directoire style—probably the most inappropriate style for anything by Shakespeare. But a criticism of this peculiar choice may be beside the point. The point is that the show had no real animation—the same play was so boisterously gay in Central Park last summer.

In regard to the play itself, I am amused by the attitude some reviewers take to the rarely-performed Shakespeare pieces. Perhaps it is intended as a courtesy to the actors, but there is a habit among reviewers, when they do not have a good time at such shows, to dismiss Shakespeare's early plays as "minor" works—which in a sense they are—but the implication is that since they are "minor" they may be airily dismissed. Need I point out that these "minor" works, for all their deficiencies, are packed with genius and are incomparably superior to most of the major works the critics are invited to see most of the time on Broadway.

As a performance the second play in the repertory, an adaptation by Donald Harron—a Canadian actor—of Heinrich van Kleist's comedy *The Broken Jug* was definitely better. *The Broken Jug* displayed a remarkably good ensemble; actors who were feeble in *Two Gentlemen* were excellent in Kleist's play.

I do not know the original of this German folk piece, which is at the same time a social play showing that the humble life of the ordinary little people with the little affections, loyalties, chicaneries and trials of their daily routine are far more significant to these people than the wars conducted by their governments. Harron's adaptation, set in Canada during the war of 1812, is well written and modestly entertaining. Since I do not expect, or desire, every play I see to overwhelm me with ecstasy, and since I liked becoming acquainted with the antic personnel of the Canadian village of the story as well as with the actors who impersonated them, I had a pleasant time.

IT IS a pity that many "important" works are made far less acceptable on Broadway than certain inconsequential presentations which are put on just for laughs. I can pass no true judgment on Shaw's *Back to Methuselah* because, shame on me, I never read it. It is a nine-hour trilogy and the Theatre Guild's revival of it (Ambassador) is a sort of two-hour-and-a-quarter "reader's digest" of it. I cannot be sure that the original script bears the same message as the new version of it does. Nothing of Shaw's work—even when abridged or mutilated—is entirely without interest so I did not suffer or feel that my time was wholly wasted at the Guild performance, but I was neither exhilarated nor convinced by any of it. What came over from the abbreviated text was that Shaw in the last count rejects life as too unreasonable and too messy, that he was at bottom an awful Puritan, and that he wished that we might some day achieve a state of "pure thought" which to me is a state of non-being.

There has always been in Shaw a tendency to employ a rationalistic or at least a common-sense point of view as a means to achieve the mystic. (Shaw was a religious person.) This mysticism sometimes led him to the brink of a dry folly, the negation of life. Fortunately he rarely passed beyond the brink, so that he remained safely and sanely this side of any arid purity, kept himself instead within the realm of an erring and broad humanity.

The production of *Back to Methuselah* fails even to be bad: it is simply not theatre. The company performs as if a cocktail party had been interrupted for a game in which each of the (very nice) guests donned whatever old costume ball material was around and earnestly but rather embarrassedly set to giving a Shaw "performance."

On the other hand, *Say, Darling,* a comedy about the making of a musical out of Richard Bissell's novel of the same name (about his experiences as author of the novel from which *The Pajama Game* was made) by Abe Burrows and Mr. and Mrs. Bissell (Anta Theatre) is admirably cast and produced.

The jokes are all about show biz and show people, but they are, by and large, good jokes, or are made to seem so, particularly by such actors as David Wayne, who is a first-rate comedian of an almost traditional American character, and by a youngster named Robert Morse. Abe Burrows has directed with unfailingly tactful humor and there are some very pretty girls — notably Constance Ford who plays intelligently as well as looking scrumptious. One should also note that there are suitable songs by Betty Comden, Adolph Green, Jule Styne. How well Broadway renders Broadway!

RECORDS

Lester Trimble

THE American violinist, Yehudi Menuhin, is still only in his early forties. But despite his youth, he has had a long career and an unusual one, beginning in the days when he was hailed as an infant prodigy and continuing through a period when audiences and critics alike wondered if he was to become another case of precocious flowering and sudden decline. This was the period of his self-examination, when *Life* photographs showed him engaged in Yogi exercises, and articles appeared telling of the aesthetic travail he was undergoing in building, from what he considered his uncertain and over-instinctual violinistic approach, a foundation strong enough to support him as a mature artist.

In the past few years, his New York concerts and recitals have been treated with respect, but moderate enthusiasm. And yet, I believe that it is precisely in this period that Menuhin has completed the transition from a boy-virtuoso to an adult artist of magnificent stature. This fact has been missed by some people because the mature violinist has turned out to be not only remarkable, as the boy prodigy had been, but unique. A prodigy, after all, is always special, and anybody can recognize him. But the fact that the mature artist's qualities of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

musicianship have become different from those possessed by any other person, and different from his own youthful ones, is easier to overlook—especially if they stress inwardness and subtlety as opposed to the broad, bravura manner.

Menuhin's finest qualities do not shout for attention, nor do they fall within a prescribed pattern. They bespeak humility before the art of music, a rapier-keen mentality and simple sincerity. They are, I suspect, the end-product of the years of self-probing, in which Eastern philosophy played a serious part. In the Brahms D Major Concerto, which he has recorded for Capitol, every passage gives evidence that deep, spiritually enlightened thought has been applied to the work; that its meanings, its construction, its dramatic thrust, have been examined from a point of view so fresh that nobody could hold it who had not undergone precisely the emotional and intellectual development which Menuhin's life and personality have laid upon him.

To describe the overt aspects of Menuhin's playing in this concerto, I should state that his tone is, as ever, "soprano," which is to say that it does not have the dark, luxurious color of the sound produced by an Elman or an Oistrakh. As a medium, therefore, it does not hold the easy advantage of being so luscious that interpretive ideas can be made to seem superfluous. In intricate, fast passages on the lower strings, his left-hand technique is not the sort that hammers out every note in a meticulous succession, and in such places the notes sometimes clump together like branches on a small, gnarled tree. He is also quite capable of scratching, though this particular recording smooths out attacks to the point where only a keen ear will detect the clash of rosin and gut.

THESE, then, are the externals of Menuhin's playing. But they tell only a small part of the story. The real fascination lies in the insights he has had into the spiritual inner-workings of the concerto, and in his successful transmission of them. Some of these are not easy to recognize at first, and being abstract, they are certainly hard to translate into words. An immediate reaction to the opening solo measures, as an example, is likely to be one of vague displeasure, for the passages lack the bravura sweep we have come to expect. They seem, as a result, somewhat snarled and bumpy. Only after the first movement has progressed do you realize with a start that Menuhin has phrased this opening section in a totally unaccustomed manner. The "bumps" are, in reality, a demarcation of phrases which he wants us to hear from a particular point of view. In other cases, the differences between his and other interpretations grow more subtle: a single, meaningful stress on a note which usually passes unnoticed —an extremely plain reading of a passage on which other violinists expend their vibrato—an almost religious tone, where one ordinarily hears only warm, romantic sentiments. Menuhin has clearly re-thought the Brahms concerto from beginning to end and his interpretation brings forth a galaxy of meanings, implicit in the notes of the score, but previously unrevealed. The Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra and its conductor, Rudolph Kempe, have collaborated with him in a remarkable spirit of unanimity, so that this recording is, on every count, well worth owning. I must repeat, however, that it may take several hearings to catch the performance's cumulative significance. (Capitol PAO 8410).

SEVERAL other records of violin concerti have come by recently, a few of them splendid. An interesting comparison of interpretations is made possible by two playings of the Tchaikovsky D Major Violin Concerto, one by Jascha Heifetz on an RCA Victor disc, with an accompaniment by Fritz Reiner and the Chicago Symphony (LM-2129), and the other by David Oistrakh, the National (Soviet) Philharmonic Orchestra, and conductor Alexander Gauk. (Period SHO 307). On the Victor issue, the recorded sound, especially of the orchestra, is superior, but on neither disc is it less than adequate. Heifetz gives his usual, spanking clear, technically perfect performance. It is thoroughly convincing. Oistrakh, however, digs into Tchaikovsky's melodies as if he really expected to find something rich inside, and surprisingly, he does. The combination of his ample, opulent tone and his sober interpretive approach makes also for an unusual and distinctive reading. On this same disc the young Soviet pianist, Emil Gilels, plays the Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 1, accompanied by the Bolshoi Theatre Orchestra and Samuel Samosud. Here again, the playing is distinguished, vigorous and brilliant.

On Period's SHO-312, David Oistrakh is presented in the Mendelssohn Violin Concerto and Lalo's *Symphonie Espagnole*, assisted by Kiril Kondrashin and the National Philharmonic Orchestra. His playing of the Mendelssohn is just fine. His Lalo, however, is frankly amusing, and I begin to suspect that this particular work is a *bete noire* for Soviet violinists. When I heard Leonid Kogan play it at Carnegie Hall recently, I was amazed by his lack of rapport with the piece. And now, on this recording, I find his colleague, Oistrakh, and the orchestra too, playing the *Symphonie Espagnole* as if it were a Russian *Hopak* or an excerpt from Boris Godounoff. What in this French music should ring out with sharp brilliance comes forth, instead, with heavy Tartar brutality. The effect is diverting, but not right.

Decca DL-9950 teams up Oistrakh and his son, Igor, in performances of the Bach Concerto in D minor for two violins, the Trio Sonata in C Major for two violins and cembalo, and Tartini's Trio Sonata in F Major for the same combination. Judging by these performances, and by another recording on which the Oistrakhs are heard in the Bach Double Concerto (Monitor MC-2009), I would say that Baroque music is not their forte and does not, perhaps, interest them very much. The playing of most of the music on the Decca record has a heavy-footed, perfunctory sound, and so does that of the Bach on the Monitor disc. A considerable difference exists between the recordings in the matter of mechanical reproduction, which is far superior on the Decca. The Monitor issue, however, includes a dazzling exhibition of violinistics in Sarasate's *Navarra*, for two violins and piano; Bach's Sonata No. 6 in G Major for violin and piano; and the Hindemith E Flat Sonata, Op. 11 No. 1, for the same instruments. The Bach and Hindemith works are played by Oistrakh *père* and pianist Vladimir Yampolsky in a rather routine manner.

ART

/ *Maurice Grosser*

THE great exhibition of the works of Georges-Pierre Seurat, got together by the Art Institute of Chicago, is on display until May 11 at the Museum of Modern Art. The pictures could not be more beautifully hung or lighted. There are some hundred and fifty works, including four of the seven large figure pieces —*La Grande Jatte*, a version of the *Three Models*, *Le Chahut* and *Le Cirque*, as well as the sketches and preparatory paintings for them—figure pieces, landscapes and almost a hundred drawings. Seurat's life was short. The pictures represent the major portion of his work.

Seurat, as a very young man, had studied in the Ecole des Beaux Arts. By 1880, at the age of twenty-one, he was already a proficient painter in the then new impressionist style. The works of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

this time are small, painted with cross-hatchings and spottings of bright pigment, the forms rounded and luminous without outline or detail, the color glowing and strikingly successful in the rendition of sunlight and haze. It is at this point, also, that his characteristic style of black-and-white drawing first appears—a style in which there are no lines and no details, but only rounded masses in a fog of light and shadow. The edges of the forms are fuzzed to such an extent that one wonders whether Seurat was not myopic.

SHORTLY thereafter he began the studies for his first large pictures, *The Bathers* and *La Grande Jatte*. These preparatory sketches, particularly those for *La Jatte*, are some of the painter's most interesting work. In these Sunday strollers on the banks of the Seine he had found what all painters most desire, a large, absorbing subject. For two years he worked at it steadily, making twenty or thirty sketches, both of the unpeopled landscape background, and of the people who were to be in it. These he combined into a spectacular final study, the *Definitive Study for La Grande Jatte*, here on loan from the Metropolitan.

The color in the *Definitive Study* is wonderful. The brilliant sunlight and cool summer shadows are so pleasant and the recessive depth so convincing that one forgives the somewhat wooden and immobile figures. Something of the vivacity of the original sketches has been lost but the drawing still remains easy, the forms generalized but solid.

The finished picture is also handsome but much stiffer than the study. It is enormous—seven feet by ten. Renoir is said to have detested it. Most probably he found in its stiff figures a malicious parody of his own work. Certainly the color is flatter than in the study and the light less convincing. The figures are given hard, definite edges, like cut-out and colored cardboard silhouettes set up at varying distances in a perspective box. Most curious of all, on top of these silhouettes is superimposed a lace work of sharp detail of feature and costume, nowhere prefigured in the studies; it is an artificial and irrelevant embroidery. It is as if Seurat were putting down by rote details he knew were there but had not actually observed—like a naive painter who is forced to invent and remember since he has not been trained to see.

The subsequent work carries this naive and detailed stylization even farther and with less success. The *Three Models* and the sketches for it are tight and labored, the drawing of the figures is inconsistent and weak. As for *La Poudreuse*, *Le Chahut* and *Le Cirque*, one has only to compare them with similar works by Degas and Toulouse-Lautrec to see how inferior they are in every respect. Their compositions are arbitrary and laborious, their drawing contrived and flat, their sentiment childish and, most surprising of all, they have no color. Seurat's vaunted color theories notwithstanding, they appear today a pallid mosaic of vaguely tinted dots. Their powdery tone, their stylized drawing and rigid, obvious composition, charming enough on a candy box or amusing perhaps in naive work, are unacceptable from a major painter.

What could have changed this charming, sensitive and minor impressionist master into the contriver of such imposing and unwieldy images? Perhaps he was misled by theory. Seurat was a solitary, reticent man and a strict logician. Under the influence of Charles Henry, a writer on aesthetics, he had come to adopt a set of absurd rules supposed to explain the effect of abstract pictorial elements on the emotions. Thus, gaiety was to be obtained by warm, light colors and ascending lines; calm, by a balance of warm and cold, of light and dark, and by the use of horizontals; sadness, by cold, dark colors and lines leading down. These rules are based on inconsequent verbal associations, but it is obvious that Seurat took them quite seriously. A further difficulty lay perhaps in Seurat's actual vision. To judge from the drawings and early paintings with their consistent omission of detail, Seurat did not see in linear terms at all. If, as one imagines, his eyes did not focus normally, the sort of linear composition these rules demand was an impossible and unnatural effort for him. As for his mathematically conceived color theories, if one is to judge from the three last works, either the theories were completely unfounded or the works were executed in the most unstable pigments. *Le Cirque* I seem to remember from some twenty years ago as bright with mauve and purple. Perhaps the pictures have simply faded. But this is difficult to believe in view of the marvelous color the earlier work displays. I am driven to conclude that for a painter an *a priori* aesthetic theory is a very dangerous business.

Seurat was a man of immense talent and energy. The manner of these last pictures is a phase he probably would have passed. The great pity is that he died so young. At thirty-one a painter's work is only beginning. Think how little Cézanne had accomplished by then.

What Happened the Day a Poet Was Appointed Postmaster

With violet pencils
he wrote upon the back side
of returned love letters and lost light years
readdressing them
to eternity

Their cancelled postage stamps
wheeled away on round postmarks
and flew off like flying saucers
marked Moscow Los Angeles and New York

The moon turned to tenements
for lack of lovers

And a cancelled George Washington
flew over America

LAWRENCE FERLINGHETTI

$1600 CASH Awards plus 40% royalty. All types of manuscripts invited.

Best Book Contest for 1958

For Contest rules and details of famous publishing plan, write for Brochure N.
Pageant Press, 101 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 3

Buy Your Books through *The Nation*

Nation readers can avail themselves of our offer to send them any book (except paperbacks) at the regular retail price post-free if payment is received with the order, or at the retail price plus postage if the book is sent C.O.D. No C.O.D.'s outside the United States. When ordering, please give name and author and publisher, if possible.

Please address your orders to
Miss O. LePach

THE READER'S SERVICE DIVISION
333 Sixth Ave. New York 14, N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PUBLICATIONS

SPECIAL ISSUE ON INTERCULTURAL COMMUNICATION — Current issue of ETC: A REVIEW OF GENERAL SEMANTICS edited by S. I. Hayakawa, featuring Margaret Mead, Edmund Glenn, Henry Lee Smith, Clyde Kluckhohn, F. P. Kilpatrick. **Price $1.00.** Issue free with subscription order $4.00 a year. **Write Dept. N, 400 West North Avenue, Chicago 10, Illinois.**

PAN No. 2, Spring Issue of Poetry Quarterly—published today @ 50c—largest anthology of contemporary Canadian Poets ever published in U.S. Discriminating readers compare PAN to Little Review's **Ulysses** numbers. **At your bookstore now.**

HANDWRITING ANALYSIS

Complete Personality Analysis from Your Handwriting
Fee $5.00
ALFRED KANFER
62 Leroy St., New York 14, N. Y.
Endorsed by scientific authorities, hospitals, insurance companies, colleges, psych journals
Recipient of research grants

PERSONALS

AUTHENTIC SPANISH BULLFIGHT POSTERS. Two for $3 postpaid. **Research Publications, Box 305-N, Wall Street Station, N. Y. C. 5.**

CHICAGO business woman would share or be paying guest week-ends nice summer home. Easy driving distance from near north side. Good golf course nearby desirable. References exchanged. **Box 450, c/o The Nation.**

CAN offer home to middle-aged woman who desires to live in pleasant country surroundings. Northern Westchester. **Box 451, c/o The Nation.**

ENGLISH BICYCLE—w/3 speed Sturmey-Archer gears, hand brakes, pump & tourist bag. **SPEC. $39.95.** Standard Brand Dist., 143 Fourth Ave. (13th & 14th Sts.), N. Y. GR 3-7819. **1 hour free parking.**

BRITISH SHOES FOR GENTLEMEN at a fraction of their American retail price! $10.95 includes duty and import charges. Delivery in ten days from receipt of order. Unconditional money-back guarantee. Write for free illustrated catalogue. **Steven N. Williams, Ltd., 40 Chatham Road, Short Hills, New Jersey.**

RESORTS AND CAMPS

Attention Please!

Train leaving on Track 31 for

. . . . . .

Are they calling out the location of your resort—camp?
Those vacationers are heading for rest and fun.
Do they know what good times they can have at your place?
Tell them about it through the resort advertising pages.

$7.42 per inch, per insertion

Generous discounts for multiple insertions. Write or phone today for further information

ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT

The NATION
333 SIXTH AVE., N. Y. 14, N. Y.
CHelsea 2-8400

FILMS

Robert Hatch

THE resourcefulness of Hollywood is bottomless. They've now taken some scattered pieces from William Faulkner and scotch-taped them together into a picture — *The Long, Hot Summer* — that closely resembles William Inge's *Picnic*, with bits of *Baby Doll* leering around the edges. I don't mind the free and easy use of Faulkner, but I wish the adaptation hadn't come out to look so much like the work of other men. As a yarn spinner, Faulkner differs from Inge and Williams by the measure of a biting wit, and some of the material used here was wickedly funny in its first form. The picture is full of wild laughter and ribald suggestion, but the effect is more country-club sexy than back-country Rabelaisian.

And this is so, despite the best efforts of Orson Welles, who is got up with plastic nose and a terrible wheeze to resemble the aging stud of a feckless herd, and despite the conversation of Joanne Woodward, a cool-looking girl who makes it quite explicit that after a certain age purity becomes more a burden than a virtue. You can't show as much on the screen as you once could, but it has seemed recently that you can say almost anything you want. Some of the remarks in *Long, Hot Summer* would have made Theda Bara leap from her couch in offended hauteur. I'm all for this freedom of speech, but spade-calling should be carried off with a certain ease of manner. The actors in this film tend to precede frank passages with a slight gulp and a popping of the eyes. Over-rehearsal, perhaps. And the picture might have come some closer to Faulkner's rough folkways if the Technicolor had not varnished the whole community as prettily as a *Holiday* magazine excursion.

Mr. Welles cuts about like a veteran of Old Opry; Paul Newman, as the provocative stranger, faces up to him with The Method. It's a good match in personality projection, even if it seems a little studied for first-rate acting. I somewhat preferred Anthony Franciosa who, as the old bull's weakling son, seemed more interested in his role than in the promise of an Oscar.

Faulkner is full of ideas and this picture spins with incidents. They have been homogenized to produce a fable of togetherness, but even so the original inventive energy of Faulkner's fiction works its way to the surface. No one is going to be bored while the show is on.

IRWIN SHAW'S *The Young Lions* has been softened for screeen purposes and comes out as a surprisingly sweet story of modern war. I wish I could believe that World War II had so cleansing an effect on prejudice, cruelty and moral indifference, but the evidence since then scarcely bears it out.

The story is awkward for a movie. Marlon Brando works out his destiny of revulsion and despair as a Panzer officer in one-half of the scenes, while Montgomery Clift and Dean Martin learn to be men as a pair of infantry G.I.s in the other half. The two stories slowly converge and at the end the Americans kill the German, never knowing that in spirit he is with them. The irony may be effective, but the back-and-forth, cut-and-jump structure does not suit the screen. A picture is a narrative river, it is not a switchback, and unless it can flow it never builds momentum.

Brando is interesting—he always is. I am beginning to suspect, though, that he is always interesting as Brando. He can put a unique stamp on any role he plays, he does things with his body and his face and his voice that are eloquent and seem to imply the creation of a complex individual. But it is curiously the same individual again and again. Brando wears a character like a costume.

Clift, as a wiry, intense, very young Jew, seemed to me in the end more substantial. His part was loaded with anti-discrimination, but he pretty well cut through the sociological platitudes and built a young man who lived in his own right and not by sufferance of Montgomery Clift.

Summer Song

Be of this brightness dyed
Whose unbridled fever
Flings gold before it goes
Into voids finally
That have no measure.

Bird-sleep, moon-set,
Island after island,
Be of their hush
On this tide that balance
A time, for a time.

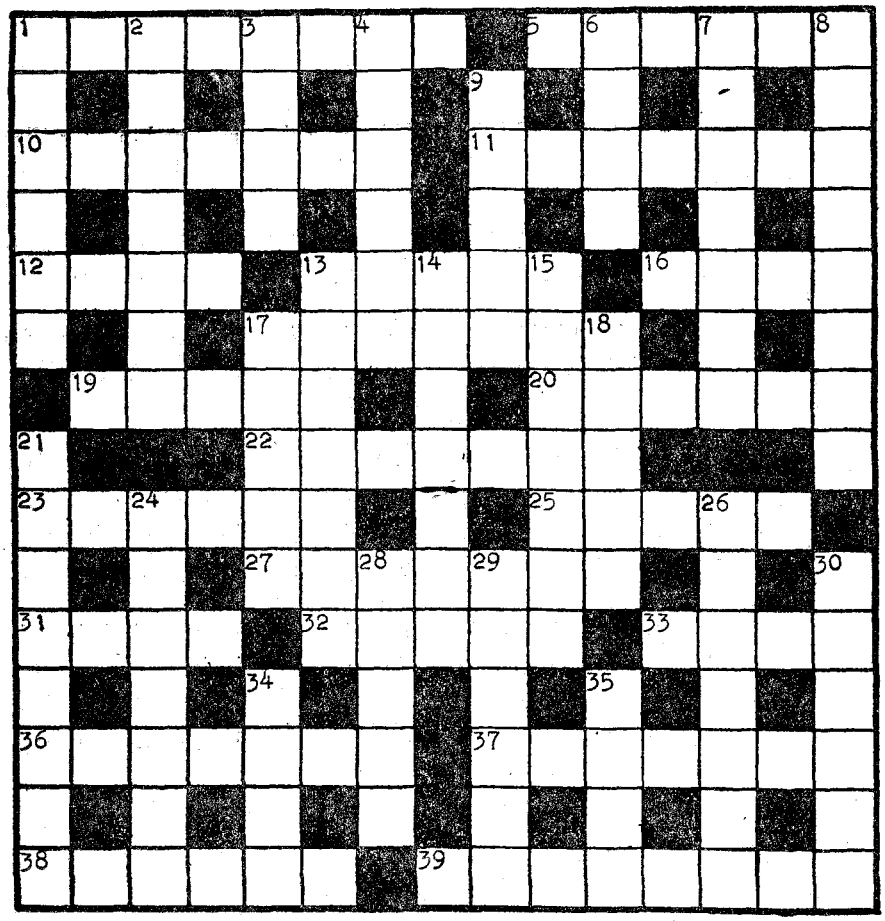
Islands are not forever,
Nor this light again,
Tide-set, brief summer;
Be of their secret
That fears no other.

W. S. MERWIN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Crossword Puzzle No. 768

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Implying a second mate looks large with a dimness of vision. (8)
5 Blanket overcast running chain back for a few samples. (6)
10 Stirs up trouble with people who won't split an infinitive. (7)
11 and 21 A ship in the desert? (7, 8)
12 Can the first part of A.B. at sea?
16 and 3 down Certainly not a service of the sea in North America, for example. (4, 4)
17 A heavy one probably tips more than others. (7)
19 More theoretically, he might get riled easily. (5)
20 An adherent takes a small number to back a little transportation system. (6)
23 and 37 You certainly won't get right at the mail if you're such a slow starter. (4, 2, 3, 4)
25 Makes a reduction in sheets? (5)
27 Tribesmen might cause trouble with the introduction of television. (7)
31 Young part of the country, formerly. (4)
32 One, with this, is rather biased. (5)
33, 13 across and 9 down What's that globe on your desk? (3, 1, 5, 5)
36 It might make the tide run, as magma does into other rock. (7)
38 William was likewise not human.
39 This old comedian made fast money, even with the real sort about. (8)

DOWN:

1 How Shakespeare might be recognized, action apart. (6)
2 Fashion came first, but was badly reported. (7)
4 Poses a medical question to find a grain of truth? (6)
6 Coming up with more than one little 31 around a ballerina! (4)
7 The composition of Tom in a ragged coat? (7)
8 Fourth example of them is made out of solid hay. (8)
13 Persist in setting shady examples?
14 Formic, no doubt (as an absorbent)! (7)
15 Always came first around what might be raised by force. (7)
17 Perhaps a colored part of 18 pales nevertheless! (5)
18 Symbols of secrecy. (5)
24 Beguile? Even this, only more so.
26 A lot of sheep around, and foreign, but not exactly on the hoof! (7)
28 A high-ranking one has some hesitation about making such a treacherous person of himself. (5)
29 To hang one under canvas? (6)
30 Withe. (6)
34 Instrument to touch up! (4)
35 Pure, where mail is sorted in the capital. (4)

RESORTS

ONLY 50 MILES FROM N.Y.C.

Entertainment. Dancing. Fireproof bldg. Air-conditioned. Elevator. 8 mile Lake. Superb cuisine. In New York City call at local rate:

FAirbanks 5-7227
MAhopac 8-3449

FOREST house
LAKE MAHOPAC, N. Y.

"Where all men are brothers"
WINGDALE
ON-THE-LAKE
Wingdale 47, N. Y.
SPRING SPECIAL
WEEKENDS $15 • WEEKLY $40
SPEND SUNDAYS in the COUNTRY
Steak Dinner & All the Fixin's — $3
N.Y. Off.: 507 5th Ave. • YU 6-6810

SUMMER RENTAL

ATTRACTIVE, large colonial residence in Flushing. Country-like atmosphere, only 23 minutes Penn station via L.I.R.R. Subway, bus to Grand Central, 50 minutes. Large, easy to take care of garden plot; patios, garage. Completely furnished with modern appliances. Available June 10 to September 10. Reasonable rental. Call Mr. Levitt, AL 5-7530—9 to 5.

RECORDINGS

SAVE ON ALL LP's
• Factory Fresh
• Including hard to get items
• Fast Service • Careful Packing
Write for free catalogue
DISCOUNT RECORD SERVICE
Box 175, Radio City Sta., N. Y. 19

SERVICES

UNIVERSITY TELEVISION SERVICE
(Manhattan, Bronx Yonkers)
150 W. Kingsbridge Rd., Bronx 63, N.Y.
CY 8-0420

Advertising Rates
CLASSIFIED
74c a line (6 words)
Three-line minimum
CLASSIFIED DISPLAY
$7.42 per inch (minimum)
The NATION
333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, N.Y.
CHelsea 2-8400

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 767

ACROSS: 1 and 4 PACK SADDLE; 9 UNTRUE; 10 and 12 PROSECUTE; 13 RODS; 15 and 23 MUSTARD PLASTER; 17 PATHOS; 18 ERRANT; 19 ADA; 21 GREASED; 26 EMBLEM; 28 GERUND; 31 RIGHTED; 32 NERO; 35 OTTO; 36 ASHES; 37 and 7 across PUERTO RICO; 38 INNS; 39 SHOAL; 40 YEARS. DOWN: 1 PONE; 2 CIRRUS; 3 SCENTED; 4 ASPIRE; 5 DOOR; 7 RECAP; 8 and 24 CUT IT OUT; 11 SONANT; 14 SATYR; 16 DREAMED; 19 ADO; 20 APT; 21, 6 and 15 down GREEN-EYED MONSTER; 22 EMBERS; 25 UNHAPPY; 27 MISSAL; 28 GENERA; 29 UPTON; 30 DROSS; 33 EARS; 34 OHIO; 35 OTIS.

Printed in the U. S. A. by RCR Publication Printers Corp., N. Y. C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Another Diploma for Human Rights

RECENTLY THIS magazine received a Certificate of Recognition from The National Conference of Christians and Jews for the article, Montgomery Morning, written by Wilma Dykeman and James Stokely, and published January 5, 1957.

THIS NEW honor takes its place among the long list of awards that attests *The Nation's* continuous championship of human rights.

AS *NATION* readers remember it, Montgomery Morning makes an unforgettable point: the only supremacy worth fighting for—in the South or anywhere else—is the supremacy of right.

IT IS the virtue of this magazine that it brings into sharpest, clearest focus the basic issues of our time. That's why *The Nation* regularly puts before you the most vital and interesting reading you can find anywhere.

THE NATION

THE NATION, 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14

Please send THE NATION

☐ One Year, $8 ☐ Three Years, $20
☐ Two Years, $14 ☐ 6 Months, $4
☐ Payment enclosed ☐ Bill me

(Canadian and Foreign Postage $1 a year extra)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

4-19-58

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED